

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
MONTHLY REVIEW.

VOL. XLVIII.—DECEMBER, 1872.—No. 6.

THE PRAYER GUAGE OF THE MATERIALIST.

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SOME of the leading materialists and scientists of England assuming that the efficacy of prayer is doubtful, have recently proposed to test it in the following manner. All the wards of a given hospital shall receive the same medical and other attentions, and for one of them the prayers of Christians, shall be offered in addition. If at the expiration of a year the ward specified presents a better record of cures than the others, it shall be accepted as evidence that prayer is efficacious ; but if not, the proof will equally strong that it is of no avail. This proposition has such an air of plausibility that it has thrown into ecstasies all the opponents of Christianity, and frightened many believers in it, who do not see clearly their way out of the dilemma. But the proposition is based upon a twofold and demonstrable fallacy.

First. It presupposes that in regard to the data on which science rests and the laws which it unfolds, there can be no

difference of opinion. It is astonishing to hear science spoken of so oracularly, as though its laws, facts, and deductions were so obvious that all men would at once agree in regard to them, if they would open their eyes ; where as the difference between scientists, equally sincere and well informed, are quite as great and irreconcilable as those between theologians, or even scientists and theologians. A suit was for a long time pending between individuals and the government of New Brunswick, and the whole question at issue was the following : Is a given substance, found on a certain tract of land in the Province, coal or not coal ? One would suppose that could be very easily decided. But it was found to involve a large number of unanswered questions, and therefore, after the substance had been submitted to every conceivable scientific test, by four of the most competent experts in this country, they radically disagreed, two affirming that it was coal and two denying it *in toto*. This is given as one of very many illustrations of the same general fact. Scientists are arrayed against each other, and it is an unwarranted assumption that the teachings of science are so lucid that they compel uniform and infallible conclusions. In regard to the prayer guage proposed, a score of unsettled questions might arise even after the experiment had been fairly tried, and honest men be divided in opinion quite as much as they are now.

Second. This proposition presupposes that the effects of prayer are entirely distinct and easily distinguishable from the results of other causes that bear in the same general direction — that they are so enumerable and mensurable that it may be said with scientific exactness, "*this* is the result of prayer ; *that* is not." But when we say that prayer — the breathing of the soul after God — the longing of a spirit for conscious oneness with the Infinite, does not primarily or necessarily include or imply results so gross and materialistic, we do not beg the question, but simply state what every praying heart knows to be true. Second, when we say that the effects of prayer, though mainly but not entirely undemonstrable by material tests, are nevertheless as real and ap-

preciable as any other personal but internal experience, we are on solid ground and within the logical range of the subject itself. Third, we state that which is truest to our individual convictions, nay our consciousness, and confirmed by the most enlightened public opinion, when we say that there are many, *very* many agencies and influences at work upon and among men that are presumptively and undeniably but not demonstrably efficacious and beneficent. Would the most skilful physician, so called, dare to take an unqualified oath that he ever cured or even relieved a person with medicine? How could he or even the patient know that the same result would not have followed if no medicine had been used? Both might be very confident, indeed fully persuaded of its good effects, but demonstration would be impossible, especially as physicians agree that no medicine produces uniform results. Two years ago Doctor Shoeppe, a celebrated physician of Carlisle, Pa., was, by the highest medical authority in the city, convicted of murder under the charge of poisoning a patient. After suffering all the horrors of protracted incarceration, because influential friends protested against his execution, his innocence has recently been established by counter medical testimony of equal authority. The ablest physicians of the world disagree radically in regard to the effects of Alcohol upon the human system. The article is before their eyes. They administer it, and then watch for the result; and one class, judging thereby, declare it to be a poison so virulent and corrosive that it can scarcely be given with safety in any appreciable quantity, the other that it is not only innocuous, but one of the best tonics known to *materia medica*.

And this is another illustration of the fallacy of the assumption that there is no ambiguity or discrepancy, but only absolute precision in the domain of scientific research.

Again, the difference between food and medicine is that the former is congenial to the system,—is cordially welcomed and assimilated by it, while the latter is necessarily inimical to it. A medicine to be a medicine must be a poison,—a foreign substance,—must attack the vitality. The

administration of medicine cannot therefore be justified to our reason on scientific principles, and the philosophical objections to its use have never been answered, and are better taken and more convincing than the arguments of the materialist against the efficacy of prayer. But notwithstanding the deductions of science, apparently unanswerable, and notwithstanding even physicians here and there assure us that by playing upon the credulity of their patients they have performed some of their most wonderful cures with bread-pills and sweetened water, undoubtedly true by reason of facts to which we cannot now refer, yet the medical profession with all its obvious limitations is one of the triumphs and characteristic institutions of civilization, and ninety-nine in every hundred of the most intelligent people in the most enlightened countries, judging from their personal experience no less than their observation, have no more doubt of the curative power of medicines wisely administered than of their own existence. And yet if personal experience is to be excluded from the consideration of the subject, the use of medicine is a scientific as well as logical absurdity. The discrepancy between theory and practice is irreconcilable.

Once more. If we were challenged to demonstrate that the example and instruction of parents influence their children, or that education produces good results, what could we say? Should we not be obliged to admit that many children whose early life was passed amidst influences the most unpropitious, make the best men and women, while others who enjoyed every advantage that affection and experience could devise and wealth procure, make the worst? Where then is the proof? And yet who doubts that the influence of parents upon their children is immense,—almost predetermining? It is a part of our consciousness, and therefore *never* doubted. It is one of the instinctive assumptions of the soul that, far more than any other recognized fact foreordains the character of the parental relation. But neither the influence of parents nor the effects of education, the sweet insinuation of music nor the beauties of art, are quantities or entities subject to our coarse and clumsy mensuration. They are

influences to be sifted upon, and intone the soul, as the light and warmth of the sun invigorate the plant. Who could so analyze a flower, as to separate and label the elements and quickening influence that it received from the earth, and those that descended from the skies?

If it be said that the difference between an educated and an uneducated community is very great and very obvious, I reply that it is no greater or more obvious than that between a religious and an irreligious community, and that every fact, figure, quality and condition that would help outline and explain the difference in the former case, and the causes that led to it, would be equally conspicuous and significant in the latter; and religion without prayer would be an anomaly, a misnomer.

Suppose that the managers of an orphan asylum, well-adapted in all respects to the purposes it was intended to serve, should propose to test in the following manner the existence and even the necessity of maternal affection, and the exquisite pleasure which the exercise of that instinct, real or imaginary, is popularly supposed to occasion. Fair provision shall be made for the health, the education and the future usefulness and welfare of all the children committed to their trust. They shall be carefully watched, guided and guarded all the way to their maturity, and if they make as good men and women as the children that are sent into the world from the average homes of the land, which is quite probable if that end were kept distinctly and continually in view, maternal love having been demonstrated as unnecessary, shall be declared to be non-existent, and the feeling which is popularly supposed to have made the mother the presiding genius — the guardian angel of the home, the willing, cheerful, ever-anxious protector of her brood, as wholly chimerical — a poet's dream. If the utility and even the possibility of the highest and most exquisite spiritual experience is to be submitted to cold, scientific tests, why should not a mother's love, and everything heretofore supposed to be characteristic of it or connected with it, that cannot be substantiated by scientific criteria, be regarded as fallacious?

But God pity us, as in that case what would become of the kisses and caresses — the numberless delicate attentions given and received — the ecstatic heart-thrills that make the mother the happiest being on earth, and the home of love and loving children an earthly paradise, but of whose peculiar wealth and treasure the assessor could take no account! As it is according to the spirit of the times to deny the utility and even the existence of the undemonstrable, let us run the rough and rusty plowshare of our logic through the mother-heart and repudiate everything that our coarse and material tests do not disclose or verify.

Again. A society of deaf mutes propose to test the influence and utility of music. A given number of persons shall, for a year, devote as much time and attention as they may choose to the cultivation of their musical taste; and if at the expiration of the time it can be shown that any result appreciable by the mutes and satisfactory to them has been produced,—that the health, the morals, or the material condition of the students or the community at large has been improved, it shall be accepted as evidence that music is helpful; but if there are no specific results that can be measured, weighed, estimated and set down in a balance-sheet, then it shall be accepted as proof that music is powerless and unworthy of further attention. What could we say? Only this, that the primary and principal effects of music are in the individual soul. It occasions a peculiar and most delightful yet wholly inexplicable experience, that can be understood or even conceived of by others only through a similar experience. It can affect the community at large only indirectly, and even then its influence is so aesthetic, so immaterial, so unamenable to all our coarse standards of value, that the statistician cannot even include it in his account; and yet we declare unqualifiedly that music exerts a wonderful influence that is perfectly appreciable in the family, the school, the church, the army and the world; and however much these statements may be wanting in scientific exactness, they are nevertheless true to the most enlightened consciousness.

But this exposé of the fallacy of attempting to test the

highest spiritual principles and experience and the laws of spiritual influence by material standards is made, and these illustrations of their inapplicability are given, not because we would avoid the issue presented, but solely for the purpose of showing what qualifications and conditions, obviously entitled to a reserved judgment, we have a right to place on file when we accept it : for with the understanding,—

I. That there can be in the nature of the case no scientific or material test of a purely spiritual experience,—

Second. That the primary purpose of prayer is to bring the individual soul into conscious oneness and sympathy with God, and thus put it in a condition to receive the inflowing of divine life and peace,—the wonderful and inexplicable indwelling which Christ promised his disciples,—

Third. That prayer may produce this greatest of all its possible results, even though it does not affect directly the magnetic needle, the chemist's crucible, the farmer's crib or the record of mortality,—

Fourth. That the patients on whom the test is to be made shall themselves believe in it, as the state of the invalid's mind is itself co-operative and recuperative, or repellent of the best medicinal and hygienic agents, I am not only willing but anxious to accept the challenge ; and with perfect confidence in the result, I should do so for the following reasons :

First. Looking at the subject in a purely philosophical light, I hold it to be a fair inference that the peculiar influence that emanates from those whose hearts have been made calm, trustful, hopeful, peaceful and even cheerful by a strong and genial Christian faith must affect very favorably even the physical condition of invalids into whose presence they are frequently brought. When sickness comes and all our earthly hopes and supports begin to give way, the difference between the feeling that we have chosen to stand alone, have deliberately excluded God from our thoughts, that all spiritual things including the life-immortal are vague and nebulous,—that our hearts are empty and barren and not in love or sympathy with the eternal verities towards which we are reluctantly but rapidly wending our way,—and the con-

viction, deep and strong as the foundation of the everlasting hills, that God our Father reigns, that we have diligently sought to know his ways and learn and do his will, and that now, with an unwavering trust we sink into his arms and leave all to his infinite wisdom and love,—the difference between these two states of mind and their respective effects on the vital functions is very great. The former, as every physician of large experience knows very well, more than counteracts the best remedies. It heats the brain, worries the nerves, and cuts away the living tissue. The latter is itself recuperative, and therefore works conjointly with appropriate restoratives. Therefore any influence that helps the invalid from one state of mind to the other is itself a curative agent, and under such circumstances what is more helpful than the presence and prayers of real Christians? I saw but a short time since that the professors of one of our medical colleges had expressed to their students the unqualified opinion that a strong Christian faith promotes health and longevity.

Second. The minister is frequently called to the house of mourning. He meets those all of whose temporal hopes and prospects have been completely changed in a moment as it were, and whose hearts have been terribly, *terribly* smitten.

There are not only shrieks of mental anguish and the wild wail of despair, but there are also muscular contortions, the body sympathizing so strongly with the shock the mind has received. But prayer is offered. The Infinite Compassion is importuned, while the Infinite Wisdom is recognized, and at once, yes, at once, the shriek and wail, the spasm and contortion cease. No pharmacist's prescription or surgeon's knife ever wrought a more sudden or more obvious change! And as this is not an exceptional event in a pastor's life, what note will the materialist make of it? Will he say it is animal magnetism? So be it, if it be thus insisted. Nevertheless it is an influence, whatever it may be, used in connection with the name of God and all that transcendent name signifies, and which dissociated from it would produce no such results.

Third. As there are laws that recognize a common

base in all matter, and by which every particle is related and bound to every other particle,—laws by which every speck of dust that floats in the air is felt through all space,—helps balance stars, sun and systems, laws outside of whose omnipotent and beneficent sway no particle can ever go, so beyond a question there are laws that recognize a common base and element in all spiritual beings and that make them mutually dependent and bind them together in vital and sympathetic relations,—laws by which every spiritual nature is felt through every inch of the spiritual realm,—laws outside of whose kindly and all-encompassing sway even no comet-like soul in its most erratic course can ever go. Everywhere and under all circumstances a soul may feel its kinship to the infinite, spiritual hierarchy, and after making due allowance for the prerogatives and responsibilities of personality, may be stronger and better because of its indissoluble relations,—the base-element of being which unites it directly to the sum-total of spiritual life.

Ah, these wonderful spiritual laws! How little we yet know of them! but how unmistakable and suggestive their occasional out-croppings! We cannot witness suffering unmoved. In its presence our common nature asserts itself. Sensitive souls catch secrets from the winds. Spiritual intercourse is wholly independent of our means of locomotion or communication. There are so many well-authenticated facts bearing upon this general subject, that they cannot be brushed aside by mere doubts or denials,—facts that prove conclusively the existence of a law by which spiritual natures even while clogged with clay, feel the pulsations of their most distant kindred. Our social and political relations illustrate it. No man lives, or can live wholly to himself, but only as one of many. The tie of kindred that binds each to all and all to each, so completely obliterates all the social distinctions of caste and coterie, that if one member suffer all the members suffer with it, and if one rejoice all rejoice with it. Five words from the Czar of Russia cause a flutter in Wall St., a nod from the Tycoon of Japan affects the frontiers-man on the banks of the upper Mississippi,—an unventilated ship-

hold in Bombay necessitates sanitary precaution in New York and San Francisco, and a single pre-natal impression to day crystallizes within fifty years in the birth or death of a nation. Thus are we related, and thus we influence each other.

Now by the law according to which we cannot see a fellow creature suffer without suffering ourselves — according to which we feel, continually influence, and are necessary to each other, the earnest, heartfelt prayer of any spiritual being must affect all its kindred throughout the spiritual realm. The practice of the Catholic in praying to saints, is a beautiful recognition, though a misapplication of the sublime doctrine that there is a oneness — a vital bond that unites all spiritual life, and that the highest in heaven is in active sympathy with the lowliest of earth. Prayer ineffectual ! Inanimate nature disproves the cold negation. Her whole economy is a provision for creating and supplying demands. God unmoved by the prayers of his children ! The mightiest monarch of the world upon whom the cry of his child produces no impression, must be a cold-blooded monster and a dangerous ruler.

There are undoubtedly, in the divine government, laws and methods that must be observed, and no one pretends that every prayer is literally answered, as two persons might pray for exactly opposite things. Children do not receive every specific thing for which they ask, but still the fact remains that the fervent prayer of childhood is a power which the wisest parents in the most exalted and responsible positions have not learned how to resist. And can we discover a good reason why the principles that underlie this fact may not hold equally good on the higher planes and among sublimer relations ? Are those the best homes or the truest families in which the importunities of children are ineffectual ? The great fact to be borne in mind is, that these human relations and experiences are but hints of the divine. God is not less, but more of a father — does not love his children less, but more — does not listen to their prayers with less but more interest and tenderness because he is Infinite and Divine.

A human being on his knees before God *must* be heard. He is a part of the spiritual universe in which his will and wish are positive forces, and by a law, aye a law, quite as demonstrable and unchangeable as that of attraction or chemical affinity, every kindred nature, including God's own, must be touched by the prayer of his agony. A new world instantaneously swung in among the heavenly bodies would not be more directly felt by every other particle of matter in the universe, than any peculiar or specially noteworthy experience of any spiritual being is felt by every member of that royal brother-hood. An unanswered prayer,—that is, an earnest heartfelt prayer that accomplishes nothing — that does not bring the praying soul into more vital spiritual relations, is itself an absurdity unless all spiritual life is chimerical, and on that hypothesis, what is it that prays ?

A vacuum is a prayer which fullness *must* answer. A poor undeveloped life draws upon a richer and riper one by the same beautiful and universal law. A feeble, sickly physician or nurse is an outrage upon the patient, and a complete transposition of nature's method of recuperation. The decrepitude of old age is retarded by daily and direct intercourse with younger and more vigorous life. The law and guaranty of the world's redemption are in the perfectly natural and vital relation of less to more, — folly to wisdom, — weakness to strength, — worse to better, — need to supply. Every spiritual agency works towards a universal equilibrium. The voice of conscious, spiritual want cannot therefore go unheeded. And as spirit is the soul of matter it must control it ; and as one spirit affects another may it not thus modify our bodily conditions ?

Would it not be strange, very, *very* strange, if it could be shown that the instinctive out-pouring of the human heart to that which it conceives to be a higher and yet a friendly Power, the instinctive, earnest prayer for light, and strength, and guidance and inspiration — the instinctive recognition of our dependence upon an unseen Helpfulness, the instinctive spring of the soul in sudden emergencies, into the embrace and protection of what is believed to be an Infinite One

who is far, *far* above and beyond all emergencies, the cry of our innermost life, the moan of the lonely, hungry heart coeval and co-extensive with humanity, has no foundation in nature, springs from nothing and accomplishes nothing — that the want that finds expression in prayer is wholly fictitious and the being to whom it is addressed imaginary? The cry of a child for bread is nature's own, and it elicits from nature a hearty response. But prayer is the actual, even the agonizing cry of an imaginary spiritual nature, with imaginary spiritual necessities, to an imaginary spiritual being, who from time immemorial has exercised a most wonderful, but wholly imaginary influence upon mankind. This we are asked to believe in the interests of science, so called ; and yet those who would undermine and utterly destroy faith and hope in God as a father who hears the prayers of his children, profess to cherish the profoundest respect for human nature — profess to be laboring for its emancipation from the tyranny of superstition and its ultimate glorification. But pray tell us what it is worth, if it is so completely and so universally self-misleading and self-bewildering, and where we shall find data from which to educe a philosophy concerning it, if its instinctive and highest manifestation through all its history, and the faith, the deep conviction, nay the experience and life of the best men and women of the world, are no indication of its actual elements, relations, or necessities.

Prayer, that is an earnest longing of the soul for spiritual good, an importunate craving for sympathy and fellowship with one who is mightier and better than ourselves, is as undeniable a fact as a stone or a star ; and even the scientist of cosmopolitan outlook is under quite as strong obligation to account for one as the other. We therefore of right hold him responsible for an explanation of the phenomenon that humanity prays.

A huge boulder is found in the midst of a vast sandy or alluvial plain, a hundred, or five hundred miles from the great geological range where similar ones abound. To say that it happened — that the fact has no necessary connection with antecedent facts — that it is not a link in the chain of causa-

tion, is unsatisfactory to the inquisitiveness of the times, and inconsistent with the large pretensions of scientists. We demand an explanation. And for a similar reason, and in the spirit of the scientist, we demand of him an explanation of the fact that humanity prays.

Again, here is a coin. A coat of arms, the name of a kingdom, the likness of its sovereign and a given date, are on it: and any court would rule that the coin itself is better evidence than the most positive verbal testimony, that it received its impression from a corresponding die and was cast for a specific purpose. But if it were assumed that the coin itself is not sufficient evidence that its impression was communicated to it for a good and sufficient reason, and that somewhere there is, or was, its exact counterpart, — the die in which it was cast, we submit that the labor of adducing the proof should devolve upon him who holds the image and superscription to be wholly accidental and unmeaning.

So we say of man. He is by universal consent a religious being. The imprint of divinity is on him. Spiritual aspiration is an instinct of his nature. He prays. His inmost soul cries out for help, and when a deep sense of his weakness and dependence comes upon him, he throws himself into the arms of one whom he calls God, — his Strength, his Hope, his All. And we present human nature, with its manifest spiritual affinities, its conscious and constitutional religious necessities, its universal heart-hunger, its insatiable quest for the Infinite, as the best possible proof that it was cast in a divine mould — that it retains the divine impression, and that, as the fin of the fish was made for the water, and the wing of the bird for the air, so the soul was pre-adapted to a super-mundane fellowship and communion, and prayer is but the natural language of an inherent necessity that be-speaks its own answer with as absolute certainty as even embryonic bodily organs prefigure their own functions. The eye is itself a prayer for light — the ear for sound — the lungs for air; — and is not a rational nature with obvious moral and spiritual faculties, and therefore with constitutional

spiritual necessities and proclivities, equally a prayer for its pre-ordained element, aliment and stimulant?

At last therefore we turn the tables on the materialist, the would-be critic and teacher of teachers, and demand the rationale of the undisputed fact that humanity instinctively feels and universally and importunately confesses its need of God. On the hypothesis that prayer is not the language of an inherent necessity, is not based in nature, but is mere sound and frenzy signifying nothing—an unphilosophical echo into an unanswering void, will the materialist account for it? We confidently present our coin in open court. Its image and superscription are unmistakable. We offer it as evidence that it sustains specific relations to a counterpart, for which prayer is the voluntary search, and we say that the proof is clearer and stronger than that on which many of the accredited sciences rest; and till it is invalidated our cause must stand.

EVERY creed is an arrested development.

NOT revolution, but evolution, is benediction.

WE shrink from omnipotence, not knowing what it will do with us; but the Almighty is all-tender. Among men it is not the strong that disturb us, but the weak. Strength of will and feeling raises and soothes. The feeble irritate and torment.

THERE is no distinction of natural and revealed religion. Either is the other, if one or both be true. It matters not whether knowledge be growth into God or his descent into us.

THE hand raised in prayer is more continent of him (God) than the heavens; omnipresence which the materialist admits is only mechanical extent. But piety makes the lowly heart larger than the sky.

No superstition of the church is so gross as that of the scientist, that he has mastered the creation in his formulas, and can rule out phenomena not encountered in his field, on the ground that they are not among the contents of the creation.—*C. A. Bartol.*

UNWRITTEN LIFE!

BY W. M. BICKNELL.

THERE is among about so many inhabitants one physician to cure the ills of the body, one minister to preach the divine Word, one lawyer to make peace in the midst of the people, one miscellaneous mechanic to mend pins, parasols, and pans, one maker of rhymes, one capable of surveying lands and setting up bounds, and so on with the remainder of the list.

This nice adjustment to ever-existing needs is doubtless foreordained, and is a larger and better illustration than Paley's theological watch of a Supreme Providence. But among these cases of predestined men raised up to serve three hundred, five hundred, eight hundred of their fellows in such callings as these just noticed, there is never found an authorized appraiser of our virtues, a secretary cataloguing good moral characters, for the use and gratification of all. There must be no such public office. In the order of heaven there should be none. For if it were understood there was to be regularly such an inventory the danger would be too great that virtue would become an empty concern and righteousness turn to a vain and puffy thing. A Pharisaic shop of this kind for retail and general inspection of private goodness it would be improper to keep, unlawful, a matter of detriment where we wish to see the beauty of benevolence and godliness and unconscious beauty, that does not know another's eye sees it or another's tongue will speak of it. Let not thy right hand know what thy left doeth. The feather of ostentation is a sign hung out that speaks the empty heart. The values of life exhale and lose strength unless placed very much under the cover of seclusion and domesticity. The essence of goodness is kept sweet and pure by being kept close as may be. The matter of honesty, helpfulness, and well-doing, to keep such, must not be gotten up for the bray of trumpets. If the money-diggers speak while drawing up

the iron chest, the treasure falls forever back. The good non-conforming minister acknowledged the truth of his accuser, that he had no religion *to speak of*.

Hence this fixed poise and gravity of character, this something among us as a tacit pledge, and good as an oath, that we will not while in the flesh print and publish each other and spoil each other. Hence the genuine unwritten life that the life of most of us must be, and that it were better to be. Hence the unpublished volumes of thought, feeling, and action that we must be in order to be worthy of publication. Hence the broad, deep stratum of existence, consisting of men and women in general,—good, solid, undemoralized rock of human nature lying low, self-balanced, and running down to the Centre. In this way is made up the full round world of mankind, and not by the few peaks that run up high and take far-sounding names.

So the life of most there is no one to write, and there should be no one. Let it be remembered, however, there is no small amount of heroism which comes under no one's pen,—is between itself and God: so sure to be genuine and real. Private heroes do not keep a scribe to record their virtues, and the state, wise for once at least, does not make an appropriation for the purpose. The historian fastens upon *public* themes,—the property of all, and fits them out with sails to traverse time and space. The reputation and deeds of the few whose right hand cannot withhold the secret from the left and from the common eye, are seen sailing hither and thither through the world on such tide of ink as the printer can furnish, while great freights, not rigged for the breeze and for the common breath, great freights of honesty and truth, love and religion, that boys and girls, men and women, are masters of, happily never swim out of port. Shunning the changeable winds of notoriety and the perils of a wide sea, the many hold close to the safe ties of native shore and to the anchorage of the little inlets the hand of the Almighty has hollowed out. God, coming ever more to find us, would find us at home,—the home of the affections, working the good ore of human nature, and sending from thence the ventures

of love and right efforts unheralded. We live most when we live at home, privately going out and looking where we will into the world, without the world's gazing back. Flattery is a hot-house heat, and the opposite of bracing to character that is to stand all weathers.

“What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy!”

What person could keep his manliness if obedient to the prompting thought that said, “O man, do this good deed and it shall be all over the country next week.” Or what woman could keep her womanliness, if when she put on fine apparel and adorned herself, or when she took food and cordials to the sick, she were elated with the expectation that the account of her beauty and her charity would appear in the history of the town. Such glorification would be greatly damaging to the sweet charity of the manly man or of the womanly woman, and would pale upon the face the fair light of spontaneous goodness. O Father, deliver from the temptation of being lifted up to be looked at. Save from the breaking up, in the soul, of the great deeps of sincere love to God and to human kind. Smaller graces and penny prides do not fitly fill the immortal breast. Virtue is its own exceeding great reward. It is not itself, unless a plant springing up of its own accord out of the rich divine heart of humanity. Then has it a comeliness more than the gazette and the town-talk can tell.

It is one thing for the right hand to show itself ostentatiously to the left and send out bulletins to tell what it is doing, and quite another for the left hand to pay his fellow a visit, and there see for himself, not bluster and conceit, but modesty and good works. It is best, in simplicity and as God means, to walk arm in arm with nature, keeping close to modest worth which is highest weal. Then if nature and truth, religion and power, put a man into the market and make him the people's servitor, well. But semi-occasional dispatches of self-approbation are inflation and hollowness in the interior.

I know the value of written life that gets fairly and honestly before the public. It is no small benefaction of the past and the distant that they send us, virtue, generosity, courage and religion nicely laid between the leaves of the paper-makers. But it is not in the mind and heart to thrive on letters alone. We all want, beside, the bloom and freshness of the living life,—life at first hand, and warm as seen in kind neighbors, pleasant friends, those made and as many more as can be added. We are made to be social beings. We get into a poor perishing condition without, as much as may be, having mind-to-mind and heart-to-heart relations with those enjoying other advantages than ours, living amid different surroundings. Ours is a large globe, and it is impossible standing in one spot to see far round. Let those, therefore, occupying different faces of the sphere, though they be but a few miles apart, put their solitary loves and sympathies and half-truths together, this helping on to the great divine blessed unity. The curvature of the earth between town and town, between people here and people distant needing to learn of each other, between one meeting-house and another, should not copy itself into the social and religious world so that man shall be hid from man, family from family, partial good in one place from partial good some miles away. What have we all to do but to follow the straight line of progress, and let that take the bend and occultation out of meridians and parallels. Then we should begin to have something of the good time when what is gainful and godly for Peter and Mary and James, John also and Ann and other folk would lay hold of. If different thoughts would not go on the opposite side of the street, but meet in the middle, and talk over the matter, the best would have a chance to gain the day. Universality in heaven ought to have not a few of its roots in our plain soil. Truth must not be too rustic, so that when she goes to the city she will not know what to do with her hands. Neither must truth be too urban, so that when she makes an excursion into the country she will not quite know how to dispose of herself and be comfortable. The order is, intercourse, drinking at first fountains, reaching the safe centre

by going well round the sides, creation as far as may be, and not feeble transcripts, the warm heart, religion drawn from the Good Spirit.

We cannot be content to live all the year round upon dried fruits, apple, peach, raisin, fig, brought out from amidst darkness and cobwebs of garret or store-room. What alone satisfies natural, legitimate desires is to go into the golden sunshine of early autumn, and from among green leaves, from beautiful hanging branches, to gather the juicy, blooming, fair-faced harvest. The ripeness is fresh and direct from heaven. We live upon the products of the earth, not upon the paper quotations. Yet people are too apt to feed their children on dried arithmetic, pressed geography, and preserved grammar packed down by the book-makers, instead of using these as guides out into God's world, and as hints to the live, smiling truth as it is in the closely surrounding universe,—truth that may be found in our common speech, that lies thick in soul and sod and all around, like plums in a Christmas pudding, and comes as far as the school-house door from the ends of the earth. If one appoints *himself* secretary in the royal house of Truth and sends us, as from the mistress, billets of state and encyclical letters, they are very likely to take taint from the medium and more or less illegibility from the writer's hand. Then, under the deciphering, we get sleepy and uninterested. But show us, and the young, the face of Truth herself, always the same, benignity in her countenance and hands full of benefits, and we and they are as pleased and open-eyed as the angels. On the other hand, if truth is tampered with in the expression and statement, and a man sees with both eyes that it does not square with nature, and the dogmas are not in tune with reason and humanity, it is not strange that the effect makes one say he does not believe there is any "Mrs. Harris,"—any such thing as truth. Man was made to step behind books and masks and see God and the Great Unwritten.

The real, real honesty, real goodness, good faith, as present breathing examples, must men and women have in their associations. None other need apply with the expectation of

being long engaged. It is only with such virtues and helps close to us unwritten and living that we can keep house as a family and as a community. We live surrounded by the Great Unwritten. It is the divine fabric and the divine within it. I carry a piece of stamped paper, but all the bankers and enactments in the world could not make me call it money unless I could see the real money just behind looking over its shoulder, that is, the true gold ready in case the worth and guaranty of its representative were disputed to step forward and settle the matter. We are continually re-enforced by social contact, by having about us religious, friendly, loving men and women,—real ones. Those of the imagination and of romance, or even of veritable history, could not take our hand, sit with us of an hour in the flow of a delicious friendship, lend a hand to the needy, and worship with us at church. Beneficiaries are we all, and through life we find ourselves knocking at the door of the nearest humanity, having need that charity, patience, helpfulness, pity come out and meet us. We must have them. No notes and compliments dispatched will do. The case is urgent. We cannot be put off and are not. Charity, patience, and the rest of the first-born are not the inmates to send us their fair words and put the seekers to the painful retracing of their steps. Our eyes must rest upon realities, upon good human nature in the flesh, and upon such like old folks at home.

It is in the plan that we should be members one of another. The good spirit compassing our defects goes from one living life to another living life. Hence we are set down side by side, with this body of humanity and with that. Here is a household straitened in means, but of good blood, ambitious in education, beneficence and large mindedness, and exercising to these ends industry, hardihood, economy and management. We want no domestic Boswell, as a go-between, to use his eyes in the place of ours—who for us may admire the example, leaving for our part liberality and learning, integrity and religion, at second-hand. Let the Boswells, wielding so serviceable a pen where they are, stay

with their Johnsons, and the like. Reflected rays reach us somewhat cold and dim from other days or places, as from the best men and women of Queen Elizabeth's time or other times. The growth, beauty, and comfort of life must have light and warmth from original sources, and these original sources are within our own system of family, friends, Christians. We would rather have our own good neighbors in native flesh and blood than any other man's neighbors, the best that ever lived, belonging to distant time and country, standing on the shelf done in paper. Far dearer to us than Cæsar, put into the costliest binding is one who lives a little distance away, with wife and children, of agreeable presence and good cheer—one who puts on a sweet, radiant face in doing me a kindness and the same in receiving one—who does not read an excellent book, but, with quick sympathy and sharing heart, he must bring it to me that where he is I may be also—who always has a spare hand for things of worldly, social, Christian advantage—but whose name in print will never get beyond being delegate to the conference or committee-man in the high school or agricultural fair. Let history have her heroes—we will take them down from the book-case upon a rainy day or in some other odd hours, and will praise heaven for the additional light that shines even to us from them. But, the men of past centuries aside, for special profits and delights leave us the companionable Smith living in the next house, his gentle, intelligent wife, rising sons, and amiable daughters,—ah, the Great Unwritten, as has been twice before observed in this paper! The fine values direct from living soul,—from mellow heart and helping hand!

Every community has its quaint and singular inhabitants and dutiful, tender, self-denying souls and resolute, infant-hearted, manly-minded men. It would be a gratifying piece of literature and of art the towns-folk would get if some Dickens would come and, standing just behind the screen, draw the unconstrained oddity—the native, noble character. But this is not often to be. If we had any little Nell among us living with her grandfather, attending him always with

most unquestioning care, with all gentleness and reverence, we would not spare from these precincts such a little honey-bee and piece of the living gospel for the little Nell of the great novelist in the Diamond Edition, or the *Globe*. I would say to one of these little girls, Stand thou forever there in that good place in the conservatory of letters; and to the other, Be thou here shone upon by the sun, walking in and out before the eyes of friends and neighbors. Let the simple-hearted Capt. Cuttle be generous and kind to Walter in the work of the imagination which he occupies. If we have any such rough diamond sort of man, a veritable mortal ready to lend a hand and show a cheerful face before the difficulties amid which we all trim ship and hold on our course, why, we would give all due credit for him, esteeming humanity in no small degree fortunate in such real mind and muscle, as well as in the picture that has come from over the water. We prize the Cheeryble Brothers in the story,—we prize the Cheeryble Brothers as superlatively indispensable in real life, for this fraternal and large generosity. If there are, out of the book, inhaling vital air and frequenting the haunts of men, any Pecksniffs, Carkers, Quilps, their fleshly presence may, under Providence, be of use, where the pen-and-ink sketches, more or less shadowy would not reach. For, showing themselves in open day, they would make decent men hate meanness and love decency all the more.

Much might be said upon the streams and streamlets which flow from good books into the mind—out of the fountains of their power, beauty and wisdom swelling the tide of this natural life. But, to use another figure, what flies on paper wings from Gibbon, from Macaulay, Channing, Mrs. Stowe and others, into the chambers of the heaven-built mind it is not our object here to notice.

Again, literary culture occupies a high place, regarding what it does in imparting refinement of person and of manner. This comes from books. Attention, however, is here directed to the other division of the subject — viz., the ease and agreeableness of bearing one catches from the right social intercourse — from pleasant, polished living character,

sending out beauty and excellence direct. From the atmosphere, healthy and bright, which surrounds parents and families settle upon children and upon other families the graces of a polite and Christian exterior. Courtesies and good manners are of delicate essence, and they go much in the air. Civility is catching. The boy, *by seeing it done*, learns to uncover his head, to say, Please, and Thank you. Kindness of heart likes to air itself, and would in common speech and in very little offices, if it could see how to do it. Living examples rather than biographies, to teach, in demeanor, the opposites of coarseness and inelegance. In the matter of a natural and not over finished-etiquette, we hold in great esteem the fine old families of culture and refinement, living in England and once planted here in our American land. With the planting, it would seem, the king's court and a kingly *regime* had much to do. In the throne's being lost has there happened to the people something like the losing of etiquette and the losing of the seed? When democracy was set up here, it was with a rough pulling down of some things. Democracy, the fierce, is a great wrench and dislocation upon the courtly, the obsequious, the complaisant, the gentle. Democracy begins very young. Except for selfish purposes, office-seeking and the like, democracy is not supple in the joint — makes but few bows — stands up with the mark of interrogation beneath its up-lifted eyebrows — the Declaration of Independence written on its face. But cannot learning and Christianity shining through the features, regulating personal attitude and behavior, make their subjects as affable, deferential and sweet-toned as the palace with its connections does its royal subjects? That question is now in process of settlement in this western world. Is the decision a doubtful one when the case is between chivalry, cavaliers, and a too idle aristocracy on the one part, and on the other all sorts of generous industry and the generous cultures republicanism is capable of?

In the further treatment of our subject — unwritten life — we call to mind that the foundations of things are more or less concealed. How much, all unknown, must parents and

grandparents, male and female ancestry in general, think, invent, contrive in domestic concerns and in common business all unknown, before thought and power and skill can pass from generation to generation, to a point of sufficient accumulation so that the boy can be born, the world's great contriver and his name be published in all lands. From sequestered villages in hidden valleys — from private abodes of humble intelligence are marshalled the divine energies, under a mysterious captaincy, into one soul that becomes the famed Luther, the famed Fulton, the well read poet, the much admired painter. The human body and all its members must be alive through and through with the subtle fluid before the electric fire will leap from one finger. Post and pillar, common object and pervading air, must all be in accord before the lightning's golden arrow will fly down from heaven whence cometh every good thing. The community was highly charged with the need of a more rapid communication of ideas than mails and relays of horses afforded ; so, from a convenient point of the wide cerebral formation in the land, outsprang the predisposed telegraph. Many in their obscurity are called, but few are chosen to serve and be embalmed in the speech of mankind. From a few brains bound forth, at first, the engine, normal schools, the steamship and liberal Christianity, the discovery of America and the true system of astronomy. Attenuated beyond the sense of vision hangs the watery vapor in the air, yet from it falls the copious shower, refreshing garden and field. It is the large rain-drops only that get common notice and appreciation. Before the written poetry of Burns was the unwritten poetry of Scotland and Scottish people. Rich stores of human nature first fill large reservoirs that lie below the visual line, then in due time riseth one who draws out and in perennial bowl gives to the world to drink perennial waters. America was first one of the primeval seas of patriotism and republican integrity. Then could and did come sailing over the void the noble ship of state, and at the mast-head, the name of Washington.

In the light of this discussion a few words remain to be

said concerning the dear religion. Christ long since in visible form left the world. So what is there of him between us and the years he lived on earth? Does anything but the old record bridge the space between this and the time when the beatitudes were uttered and the sublime truths as recorded by John were heard? Has any thing but parchment gospels and a paper Christianity come down to us? Yea, verily, something more. Back of all transcribing Christianity is a living thing. It is the central, ever-abiding reality while the sacred archives in Hebrew, Greek or English are the most circumstantial and outlying incident. Christianity is eternal being, independent of times and seasons. It is organized life from God and in God,—through and in Christ and in Christian man. It is here: it is now: the principles are without beginning or end or touch of pen. Time in the things of God is an eternal now. A thousand years is a little thing and as nothing to divine truth. The Christ of life and truth, of joy and grace, comes to us not from the dim and distant years when he was visible to the natural eye, but he comes to man this day, this hour, from heaven,—the near heaven. So the religion of the ancient Testaments is a present God through the manifestation of the Son, existent in and cooperative with the soul of man. The *letter* of scripture is very earthly. It points to the immortal as well as it can, like a finger-post to the opulent town. The ever-abiding Spirit helpeth the infirmity of the letter,—floodeth the letter and beareth the heart on high.

Thus in the gospels we rise from the written book to the unwritten life of God and of an on-reaching faith. All good books are excitants of the Spirit, and in a sense embalm it. The kingdom of God is within a man. Therefore when he reads words of spiritual and Christian import, he must, in order to find and verify and fix the significance, turn from the outward letter and from all the visible universe to his own inmost being. As the faith laid down in books comes beneath the natural eye, it is there nothing unless it calls out of the book into the soul and calls up to heaven for the grace divine that helps plant the *reality* of faith in our spir-

itual nature. What is love in four letters from the lips of Saviour or apostle unless as an electric touch it rouse in the sleepy sinning heart love itself, unwritten and immortal. The perfection of God, the righteousness of Christ, the promised presence of the Comforter, spread upon the page, we may read to the last day, and it will be in vain except the mind rise above the letter and with much prayer and aspiration go up, seeking, to the untranslatable things of God in heaven.

As much as we go gladly out to the object of sense and of the letter, so much are we to go gladly in unto the original patterns and first truths invisible to the natural eye for verification and all the benefits of correspondence. How would things go on at home if we were upon every occasion running away from the place where we were supposed to live, — if home were the last place we would be in, and when we found ourselves there it was only to feel uneasy to get away again? The virtues are very home-like. Thrift is domestic. So these must have culture by all proper retirement within the home. Man's welfare entreats him not to run into externals and stay there, but to make of these doors, opening into beautiful interiors and into the full fruition of the real, divine and best. When the artist has been abroad and drawn from nature the hasty sketches and designs of beauty, he then bends his way to his shop — and in solitude works up into handsome forms what he has seen. The holy and beautiful models of the New Testament are to be brought home and copied into the handsome forms of life. It is ours by every means to company much with the inner life, and much with the Ancient of Days. We should be not a little in the world — not a little in good books; we are more in the world — more in books with a richer intercourse, the more we are in meditations and in the unwritten secrets of God and of truth.

ALWAYS in generous doubts nobler convictions fasten and thrive.
— *C. A. Bartol.*

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[The chapter immediately preceding this eleventh chapter is here omitted, but will with several essays be published in a volume by A. Williams & Co., about the fifteenth of this month.

An important connecting and explanatory page was accidentally left out at the end of chap. v., page 231, and here precedes the concluding number.—ED. MAG.]

[This may appear a gloomy and exaggerated view of the spirit of the time. But the reader must remember that the picture was drawn twenty years ago, and engraved by many circumstances and influences that are inexpressible and almost inconceivable now, when Massachusetts troops were used to take Anthony Burns through State Street back into slavery, when I stood there and saw so many eyes flash with anger, so many weeping with sorrow and shame, and heard so many excited men swear by all that was holy to them and their fathers that these outrages against liberty and humanity should be resisted even unto death. No, the sacrifices to political and sectarian expediency, the degrading subserviency of our public men, the worldly, timid, craven spirit of society, at this period, could not by any language be exaggerated.
—Conclusion of chap. v.]

PART THIRD.

XI.

SKETCHES of a life. As I look over what I have so far written, and think of these many years, in the details of daily experience, and see that I have put long, anxious and exciting periods into single paragraphs, I am sure no thoughtful reader will mistake this for a full autobiography. I begin to see how very sketchy it is; in fact, how little of any really eventful or thoughtful life can be written out in any way. How numerous the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the anticipations and disappointments of each of the great eras of childhood, youth, and maturity! Married life, the birth, growth, illness, education, choice of pursuit, separation, and death of

children. Home, friends, books, studies, travels, and all the various discipline and conflict to which we are constantly subjected, who can describe or, in any worthy manner, exhibit to others? And after all why should it be written? Who cares? In this great maelstrom of society, in this great rushing, excited, busy and selfish world, where each one has his own pressing cares, and absorbing duties; where all are ever struggling to get higher, and most have as much as they can do to keep their present position, who cares, or can care much about any other individual's life? When I think of all this, how presumptuous it seems to me to suppose anybody can care for mine. Yet several quiet, uneventful, humble lives, written out of other hearts, have always deeply interested me. They have afforded me the most intimate and profitable companionship, in my most solitary and suffering hours. These simple, earnest, overflowing confidences of thoughtful, sympathetic, aspiring souls, meet a want in other similar souls that cannot be so well met in any other way. This is spiritual sociality, and all men are more or less dependent upon something of this nature. None are sufficient for themselves. How often even Jesus tried to reveal himself to those around him, and sought the spiritual sympathy of his chosen followers. Even he, in his most trying hours, in his great agony, could say, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That he at times did feel this great want of appreciation and sympathy, this dreadful loneliness, is evident from the fact that in his last hours, after his communion with God alone, on the mountain, he so directly asked the sympathies of men. In this great crisis of his life, after the great agony in Gethsemane, he returned to his disciples and found them asleep, and expressing surprise, said, "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" Then recalling to mind that they could not enter into his thought, could not feel the greatness of this occasion to him, he excused them by saying, the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time and prayed saying, "Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." And he came and found them asleep

again ; and again he went away and prayed the third time, saying the same words. And no wonder, for what else was there to say ? Oh, what an hour was that to this true Son of man, to this lonely, sympathetic, suffering soul, going from God to man, and from man to God again and again, for the sympathy and assistance which he so much needed. To close such a self-sacrificing life, with such a cruel and shameful death, was more than he could bear alone. And we are glad of it. For there is nothing that brings this Jesus of Nazareth nearer, or makes him dearer to us than this natural, shrinking, human weakness, than his natural human sympathies and affections. We feel that he is one of us. How such a life enriches ours. How it cheers and strengthens us through all our hardest experiences ! How it lightens our heaviest burdens, soothes our deepest sorrows, and helps us through our greatest trials, to see how bravely and nobly they have been, and still are borne by others.

The more such revelations we have out of the deepest consciousness and experience of individual minds and hearts, the better, every way, for all. They relieve every soul that thus frankly overflows, and carry their quickening words to every soul that is ready to receive them. They establish the strongest bond of sympathy between all kindred spirits. This is my own apology for saying anything of myself. I wish to do something for others in the way others have done ~~most~~ most for me. I want to say to children, and youth, and all of my own period, you have each your own cares and trials, your disappointments and sorrows, your various burdens and responsibilities ; and the knowledge of mine, now that they are nearly passed, will not retard or depress you. I have had many more of these burdens and trials than I have disclosed or can disclose to you. At the time they seemed greater than I could bear. I have borne them through many a dark and weary day. How, God only knows. In childhood, youth, and maturity, I have known so many times when a kind, sympathetic, encouraging word would have done me so much good, the word I would, through these brief sketches, now give to all who in similar circumstances are coming after me.

Not long ago, one bright, beautiful, autumnal day, sitting on the deck of a steamer passing down the upper Mississippi, and meditating upon the various special events and distant scenes of my eventful life, my attention was somehow fixed upon a small piece of driftwood. The steamer ran over and sank it out of sight. It soon appeared again, driven towards the shore, where it found a little calm, still water under the high protecting bank. It rested there for a few moments until the more distant waves made by our boat again disturbed and drove it out into the main current, to be again and again subjected to such various disturbing influences through its whole course down that mighty river, a thousand miles to the sea. I thought of the distance it had already been on the way ; the side currents into which it had been driven ; the many little eddies and whirlpools where it had been made to revolve ; the many other similar pieces of driftwood with which it had been brought into collision,— and then the whole great lesson of human life at once began to be seen and felt, as I had never seen or felt it before. It brought to my mind the elevating, inspiring, comforting thought that we are all afloat on the great Mississippi of Providence, hedged in by its banks, propelled by its currents, with power to go on or delay, with power to paddle our little float on either side, to anchor and wait in each little creek, or push boldly out into the main stream, to advance or recede, to counteract, or avail ourselves of its tremendous forces ; but beyond all this impassable barriers, even new and disturbing influences, keeping us in an ever restless excited condition, and so forcing us forward to the end of our journey. Then I thanked God, as I do now, that the great River of his Providence is banked in, that its beneficent waters are subject to law, are not allowed to flow out of their natural channels, or to be wasted on the arid plains and barren deserts of human ignorance and folly ; so that the stream is kept full, and strong enough to bear us ever along, in some way, even in spite of ourselves. Then I thanked God, as I have ever since, for the lesson received through this little piece of floating driftwood. I am thankful, not for my ignorance and folly,

not for the evil and willful ways into which I have fallen ; but for the thorny hedges which I have encountered in those ways, and which have kept me from going farther in such directions. I thank God that since I have been so ignorant and willful, so sinful and blind, he has not any more left me to myself ; that he has led me in so many ways that I knew not, to do so much that I neither foresaw or intended ; that that there is a will as much above our will, and a way as much above our way, as the heavens are above the earth.

While I am in my present imperfect state, I will joyfully accept all providential limitations and hindrances,— the fretting banks that so confine the river, and the thorny hedges that so close in the true way of life. I will rejoice in the fact that there is one who takes so much better care of me than I can take of myself. I will rejoice that if I am afloat on unknown waters, drifting I know not whither, subject to all the disturbing influences that attend the voyage of life, I am on the great stream of Providence, that will some way buoy me up, and some time carry me onward, to the broad ocean of eternity. In such an ignorance as is common to the wisest of us, subjected to such a various, all-pervading Providence as we see around us, what is there for any of us but obedience and trust ? As we look over the history of human society, the first and most striking lesson is, how little men have really had to do with it, how feeble their influence in determining its main courses, or shaping its final results. In other words, of all men have proposed, how much God has differently disposed. How many local and temporary evils have been overruled for wide and permanent good. How often selfish interests and animal passions have been made to advance the greatest and best of causes. How often the feeblest and most imperfect instruments have been used to effect the highest and noblest purposes.

No lesson of history is more conspicuous. So in private life. How seldom can we set all the consequences of any single step or new position to which we are called. We may wisely, after great care and deliberation, lay out our plans ; but some unforeseen event entirely changes the results, and

perhaps alters the whole course of our existence. How often, in looking back over the experience and discipline of our life, can we see how we have gained by our losses, how much better were the ways to which we were impelled than those we had deliberately chosen. Where in all that relates to the external life we cannot know what a single day may bring forth, why should we be anxious about what we cannot control? We should be anxious only to know and do our duty, and leave results with him who has directed us.

Obedience and trust are the supplements of our imperfect knowledge—the silver linings of the cloud that “darkens o'er our little day,” and which will be removed with our progress towards the source of illumination. Light will come as we can bear it. Hedges will be removed as we cease to need them. The narrow stream of time will widen out into the broad ocean of eternity.

Of the voyage from shore to shore we have no concern. The future we leave with him who has so kindly cared for us in the past. In deep thankfulness of heart, and perfect filial trust, we can say,

“Our Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest.
To Him we cheerful give our all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.”

If such an important lesson as this can be so extended and impressed by a little piece of driftwood, my life will not be in vain, if it is used only to repeat this lesson to others. Since then I have often thought of the many times I had been run down, and sunk out of sight, by the passions and prejudices of societies, thrown aside into whirlpools, to stay awhile in little creeks, and again driven farther down the stream: but I have been comforted with the thought that I was still on the divine river; and that all these disturbing influences were only taking me nearer the great sea of wisdom, goodness and love.

I have little to regret in my course, little to censure in the course of others towards me. They have doubtless acted according to their light. I have tried to see the best I could

by mine. As we all get down towards the mouth of the river and ready to embark for the other shore, we forget our many collisions by the way. When we can know each other better we shall love each other more.

When I lived at O, where I worked so hard and was so earnest myself, I sometimes thought others were cold and indifferent, that my labors were producing no effect, and that I would resign my position. This feeling, I at last observed, came oftenest on Mondays, and was the natural reaction, after a whole week's excitement. But all whose labors are mental and spiritual are liable to these seasons of depression and discouragement; because the fruits are so long maturing. More than three years after I left that place, I received a letter post-marked in a distant city, where I knew of no acquaintance. The writer says, "After this long time, I will write, what I wanted to say to you before you left O. You may not remember me. When you came there I was one of your constant hearers, a young girl, with character unformed; and the views of life and character you then impressed on my mind have been of inestimable value to me ever since. You gave me that systematic thought and that definite purpose which I have followed out to the greatest advantage. I am now teacher of the High School in this city, and trying to do for others what you did so well for me." Every such instance as this offsets a great many discouragements; and for one that is thus consciously and gratefully revealed, how many more must there be unconscious and unknown? How can any minister know much of the good he does, or the evil he prevents? How wide and enduring the circle of influences which an humble individual in such a position can put in operation. The right man in the right place here has his capital always out at compound interest. His spiritual forces are always increasing in a geometrical ratio. Much of the seed he sows may fall on barren or stony ground, but that which does take root yields a hundred fold every season, and its harvests strengthen, animate, and bless directly or indirectly whole ages and generations of men.

This is why, after all my struggles and disappointments, I have, in this autumn of my life, advised several young men of requisite qualification to enter the ministry. I have told them my story, with many more trials than are here recorded, and closed by saying, if I had my life to live over again, I would choose the same work, even at the same pay ; that there were many things infinitely better than what the world calls success ; that it was the greatest thing for a young man, in choosing his pursuit, to choose that work which in the doing will make him the most of a man ; that all the efforts and sacrifices I had made for others had done me still more good ; and that in this I rejoiced as my true compensation.

The ministry has come to be just what individuals choose to make it : one of the best things in society, or one of the worst, according as it is used. If it is taken up as one of the respectable professions by weak sentimentalists, who want to be cosseted and "ministered unto," or who are content to be mere functionaries, to run ecclesiastical or church machinery, it is not even respectable. If it is entered by ambitious, selfish worldly men, simply as a means of getting a living and so pandering to popular passions and sectarian prejudices, it is contemptible. But as a recognized, established means of personal spiritual influence, its power and glory are unbounded. In its letter, or as an institution, it is everywhere on the decline ; but in its spirit and purpose it is beginning to attract some of the greatest and best minds of our time. I have used it as the best means open to me, for communication with the public mind and heart, for general elevation, for teaching great principles, for unfolding and illustrating great spiritual laws, rather than for special precepts, or the moral platitudes which are commonly called sermons.

In this ministry I have enjoyed, as well as suffered, more than I can express. And I can earnestly recommend it to any truthful, truth-loving soul who longs for an opportunity to do a man's bravest and best work, for any pay that God or his fellow-men may please to give him. To those who are

ready to labor in this devoted spirit, its compensations are numerous and great.

It has given me access to so much delightful private life, to so many beautiful homes, to so many warm hearts and sympathetic minds. When I think of the number and variety of families I have visited in all the different and distant parts of the country, the familiar and pleasant relations established in so many, the frankness, cordiality and real hospitality I have so often enjoyed in these visits, at different times through these many years, I feel exceedingly grateful and happy in the remembrance of such extensive and profitable social intercourse as my profession has thus opened to me. How greatly my life has been enriched, all through with knowledge and sympathy, gathered by this experience of brotherly kindness, confidence, and affection ; and, in my declining years, how blessed the memories and associations connected with this large circle of personal friends. I wish they could all know how often, and how kindly, I think of them, how well I remember our charming conversations in Sunday evenings' latest hours, on all the interesting topics of our time, and on the great problems of human life and destiny. The moments when we reveal our deepest thought, or the secrets of our hearts, to each other, are most sacred. The relations so formed, the friendships so cemented, are most enduring, because most real and spiritual. How many conscientious, cultivated, noble women, how many wise, large-minded, true men, how many interesting, lovely, charming children I have met in these families and societies, with which I have thus been connected in different places and at different periods.

If I have, in any way, done them as much good as they have done me, I am sure I shall not soon be forgotten. Is not a relation that can thus be made a source of blessings to both parties worth preserving ? Have I not through it received, in all natural confidence and sympathy, the confessions and burdens of many souls in as sacred and helpful a way as any ever received at the regular priestly confessional ? And is not the true Church of God built up in this simple

manner, in individual minds and hearts, as likely to stand as any of the organizations that so greatly depend on priestcraft and ecclesiastical jugglery? Those who have real spiritual faith, confidence in the soul of things, or in that spiritual nature which underlies all forms of religion, can have no anxiety about any natural fruits of this spirit, can never distrust the permanence of anything that is, in itself, true, beautiful, and good. They are both radical and conservative, believing that out-growth is ever in proportion to growth, equally parts of the same great renewing process, in man as in nature, in society as in the individual. My warfare has been not at all with this natural conservatism, but with those persons, sects, and parties, who have used conservative prejudices only for their own narrow and selfish purposes. I have learned to respect in several of my brethren a constitutional and educational hesitation or cautiousness in public affairs because from intimate personal relations I am sure they are true, noble men, who have ever been as ready to act according to their highest convictions of truth and duty as I have to mine. I can think of several who have passed away, and some who yet remain, dear saints of God, dear friends of man, who, without assenting to my theories of politics or religion, have been more to me in times of greatest need than any professed reformers with whom I have ever been publicly associated. In my long anti-slavery efforts I said not an unkind word, and cherished not an unkind feeling of the southern people. When the terrible conflict commenced, my first and frequently repeated discourse was from the text, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." But this prayer I could not in conscience offer for any of their political or religious allies of the North who had been differently educated, and did know better. The sin against the Holy Spirit of truth and justice is not so readily forgiven. I have ever had an easy, because philosophical way, of accounting for most of the errors, weaknesses and sins of men, and so have cherished the most cheerful and hopeful views of their general progress and final destiny. I have found nothing in my time so discouraging as a want of faith and fidelity, nothing

so deserving of contempt as mental and moral cowardice, nothing to arouse my combativeness but the common sophistries and hypocrisies of church and state; the men who in high public positions have tried so hard to serve both God and Mammon, to demoralize society by obliterating the distinctions between good and evil, or putting present temporary expediency in the place of universal and eternal principles. In these I have seen the real devil at whom the brave old Luther threw his inkstand with all his might. I would throw pen, press and pulpit at any time-serving compromisers who are trying to keep on good terms with him. No forgiveness is asked of them; no pity sought of anybody; no martyrdom claimed for anything. I am devoutly thankful for my life, hard as it has often seemed. I rejoice that through all the disappointments and wrecks of these many years, I have lost so little of anything that I now care for, my self-respect, or the confidence and friendship of those noble men and women for whom I cherish such respect and affection — true, devoted souls, who in my darkest and most trying hours, when I had most reason to feel that men were weaker and worse than anybody had ever said or sung, gave me, by their examples, the assurance that they were also stronger and better. In my gratitude and deep sense of joy at their probation and sympathy, I wish I could tell my readers who they are, and from what doubt and despondency they have often thus saved me. But at this time, in this form, these brief sketches must close.

" Let the thick curtain fall ;
I better know them all,
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

" Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted :
Deeper than any written scroll
The colors of the soul.

" The autumn-time has come ;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

"The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling ;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear !

"I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving."

GLIMPSES.

PROPHET, what dost thou see
Over the mist of years
Sweeping over the lea ?
Sorrows, hopes, or fears ?
Say, do the clouds hang low,
Dark as a funereal pall ?
Will the waters surge and flow
Over the green banks all ?

Are there no gleams of day
Lighting the shades of night ?
Speak ! will the storm away,
Leaving us golden light ?
Yes : I can see through years
Between us and the sun :
Time has wasted the shroud,
Freedom's day has begun.

Out from the tower of Faith
All these glimpses I see ;
Never in valleys of Doubt
Could I look over the lea :
Now, in waters of rest,
Let the anchor fall deep ;
For under our surging fears
Beautiful jewels sleep.

— *Mrs. J. F. Adams.*

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF CHRIST.

BY JAMES W. THOMPSON, D. D.

ONE cannot but be struck with the pervading unity of thought in a wide diversity of expression amongst the several writers of the New Testament in respect to the distinguishing characteristics of the Saviour. In what each says is implied, or at least hinted, all that the others say. Each uses a coloring of his own, but all portray substantially the same features. Of these several authors Paul's coloring is the warmest and most intense. When Christ is the theme his imagination kindles and flames; his soul burns with an enthusiasm that knows no bounds. Spurning the restrictions of a literal exactness, he elevates him to conditions, and invests him with attributes far above the range of mortal attainment. He sees in him the Image of the Invisible God; the Incarnation of the power and wisdom by which all things were created; the Sovereign of all thrones, principalities and dominions; the Head of the Universal Church; the First-born from the dead. Listen to his glowing and enraptured strain: "For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." He takes all the terms he can find which express greatness, dignity, authority, exaltation, and applies them to him with an evident feeling that it is impossible to go too far in glorifying him. His Christ, though closely and tenderly related to him as the very inspiration of his soul, is yet a being whom God has raised to an eminence far above all other men. He is not merely the sage of his generation or age, but the Wisdom of all generations and ages. He is not simply the prophet of his nation, but the Prophet of mankind.

Yet high as he was, and peerless amongst the sons of men, the apostle devoutly gives thanks for him and for his works to One who is higher, the Being whose voice he is, "the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

I do not know how far the reader's conceptions may run along with Paul's in his description of the Christ; I scarcely know how far my own may. And yet I suspect that the apostle's would require but little toning down to suit our own when we are under the deepest and liveliest sense of what Jesus is to us and what he is doing for mankind. Indeed, must not the Christ that shall satisfy the wants of any mind be one who personally transcends the limitations of that mind? If your knowledge is no greater than mine, how can you teach me? If your experience of eternal things runs no deeper, mounts no higher, why should I become your disciple? It is in reference to what is above and beyond those limitations that we most need light and the opening of the heavens. We have many wise, benevolent, devout and holy men, whom we cannot but venerate and love, and whose counsel and guidance, in many things, we are glad to follow: but we are a little too near to them; the shadows of a common frailty are a little too visible upon them; the scope of their vision is a little too limited for us to trust them altogether, or to accept their authority implicitly in reference to the deepest questions of the soul. We cannot do it. There is a natural craving in men of a strong religious temperament for the mysterious, the superhuman, the heaven-descended. The Christ who shall satisfy those cravings must embody these qualities. He must be not only a man with the sympathies of other men, capable of being touched with the feeling of their infirmities, and of showing them an example of every virtue; but there must be "pre-eminence" also in all that ennobles and exalts our common nature, casting around it a halo of divinity. There must be a deeper insight, and a more comprehensive knowledge, a diviner soul, and, as a consequence, a grander authority. A common man, however excellent in his way, an uncommon man even,—a man of rare spiritual experi-

ence and discernment,—cannot fully satisfy this craving. There are such men, and we are familiar with their teaching and with their lives. We read their pages with admiration. We laud their genius and feast on its fruits. But, after all, we never think them above criticism. If they assert, we do not hesitate to dispute. We accept some things they say and reject others. Why? Because we know that they are not infallible, and because we have respect for our own perceptions of truth, because, in other words, we do not accord to them that sublime "pre-eminence" which would put their decisions beyond appeal. There is a certain element or stamp of authority wanting to them. My excellent friend, the author of that rare book full of striking and brilliant thoughts, "Radical Problems," writes: "A Boston minister says, 'What weight in the Sermon on the Mount from the authority of Him that said it.' Indeed," questions my friend, "is the sermon true because he said it, or did he say it because it is true?" I shall not answer this question as my brother would. Doubtless Jesus "said it because it was true;" equally undoubted is it, that I receive it as true because he said it. There are some things in that Sermon which, if they had been propounded for the first time even by so fine a spirit as Dr. Bartol's, I should probably have hesitated to admit; possibly have regarded as preposterous. A man must have "*pre-eminence*" like Jesus in order that every word he utters may pass unchallenged. There are many scientific truths which I do not know to be true from personal experiment or demonstration. For example, I am told that the pressure of the atmosphere is about fifteen pounds on every square inch of the earth's surface; that the pressure on the area covered by my church is vastly greater than the whole weight of the building itself; that the pressure on a man of ordinary stature is about sixteen tons. Now speaking from any consciousness or personal knowledge I have about it, I should say this cannot be true. But Torricelli, or Blaise Pascal, or whoever made the discovery says it is true; and I believe it because he says so. My chemical friend tells me that the chief constituents of the atmos-

phere are oxygen and nitrogen gases, and that the proportions of these are almost absolutely *constant*, while those of other ingredients, as aqueous vapor, carbonic acid, and ammonia, are very fluctuating, and in quantity bear a very small proportion to the other two. He says this because he knows it to be true; and I believe it to be true because he, being "pre-eminent" in such matters, says it is. Take another example a little more closely analogous. Emanuel Swedenborg is the hierophant of those who belong to the "New Church." They believe in him, as we do, and as they do too, in Jesus Christ. He professes to have visited the other world and to state from personal knowledge the existing conditions of men who have passed into that world. For instance, he says, "When souls first arrive in the other life, the things of earth adhere to them, for they do not know otherwise than that they are still in the world and living there. Wherefore they also remember the associates they had in the life of the body, and it is there permitted them by the Lord to find them and to converse with them, as when upon earth; but no otherwise than as it is permitted and granted them to do so. Thus every one can find his friends, parents, and children; they remain, however, no longer together than is granted by the Lord." Now all this the disciple of Swedenborg believes, not from his own experience, or reasoning, or intuition, but because his master, in whom he implicitly trusts, affirms it. And this, by the laws of the human mind, he is bound to do.

In like manner, it is on account of his "pre-eminence" that we look to Jesus as the Christ, and believe his word to be the truth.

But in gladly conceding to him supremacy in the realm of moral truth and spiritual ideas, we do by no means put him outside of our common humanity. We make him the Head of it, and only bow to the authority which his exalted personality involves. And of this personality I might say nearly all I should now care to in the words of the French theist, Renán, who speaks of him after this fashion: "Jesus has no visions; God does not speak to him from without; God is in him: he feels that he is with God, and he draws from his

heart what he says of the Father. The highest consciousness of God which ever existed in the breast of humanity was that of Jesus. (Surely then he could speak as one having authority.) On the day when he pronounced the words, 'The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth,' he was indeed the Son of God. He for the first time gave utterance to the idea upon which shall rest the edifice of the everlasting religion. He founded the pure worship, of no age, no clime, which shall be that of all noble souls to the end of time. Not only was his religion that day the benign religion of humanity, but it was the absolute religion; and if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality their religion cannot be different from that which Jesus proclaimed at Jacob's well." Listen also to his prophetic apostrophe: "Repose in thy glory, noble Founder! Thy work is finished; thy divinity is established. Fear no more to see the edifice of thy labor fall by any fault. Henceforth beyond the reach of frailty thou shalt witness from the heights of Divine Peace the infinite results of thy labors. . . . For thousands of years the world will depend on thee. A thousand times more alive and beloved since thy death than during thy sojourn here below, thou shalt become the corner-stone of humanity so entirely, that to tear thy name from this world would be to rend it to its foundations. Between thee and God there will no longer be any distinction. Complete Conqueror of death! take possession of thy kingdom, whither shall follow thee, by the royal road which thou hast traced, ages of worshippers."

This passage shows what a very distinguished scholar, whose theological position is on the extreme verge beyond which Christianity is not, thinks of the "pre-eminence" of Jesus. And it goes to show, also, that man when he attempts to portray the Christ of his need cannot be satisfied with a being on his own level; cannot be satisfied, indeed, until he makes him, by some mysterious way of communication, a sharer in the secrets of God. And yet he would know him as man. He would not wish him divested of the attributes common to man. He would feel that in some deep sense he

is one with man. He would be able to represent him to himself as above human imperfection, but at the same time full of human sensibilities, and tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin.

There was a time, and that not long gone by, when the leaders of thought and doctrine in the church ignored, to a great degree, the human traits in the life of Christ, and dwelt exclusively on those which seemed to distinguish him most broadly from mankind. They made him of a wholly different nature from man ; forgetting that human nature may become divine,—that every son of man is at the same time a son of God. Hence those beautiful traits of character which draw us by natural attractions and affinities towards him, were passed over and neglected as being simply human. The man was lost in the God. It is a striking sign of the change that is going on that one of the chaplains in ordinary to the Queen of Great Britain, a man of profound thought and marked power, begins a sermon on "The Beauty of Christ's Character" by observing, that "within the last ten years the human nature of Christ has been brought prominently forward in England." "This has been due," he says, "partly to the influence of Unitarians like Channing on our church." "Our theologians," he complains, "have taken Christ farther and farther from earth, and isolated him in his divinity in heaven. We had no Virgin to fall back upon, and the result was that English Christianity was severed more and more from natural human life ; and I do not know what might have happened had it not been for the ceaseless protest of the Unitarians which rose at last into the spiritual beauty of the figure of Christ as presented to us by Channing." A higher tribute to the influence of our little branch of the church, often so much misunderstood, could not be desired. And now let us see what is the Christ which this great preacher thinks we want. Hear him. "We want a Christ entirely one with all that is joyous, pure, healthy, sensitive, aspiring, and even what seems to us commonplace, in daily life ; we desire him, while he is still our King, to be also not too bright and good for human nature's daily food, for business and for home ;

we wish him to share in our anxieties about our children ; to come and hallow our early love, and bless with a further nobleness all its passion ; . . . to be with us when our hearts swell with the beauty of the world and to give his sympathy to us in that peculiar passion ; to whisper of aspiration in our depression, of calm in our excitement, to be, in fine, a universal friendly presence in the whole of our common life."

And such a Christ our reading of Christianity gives to us. For is not the Jesus of the Gospels a Christ in whom all the humanities, the strongest and the gentlest, the masculine and feminine, are wonderfully and completely blended ? In every virtue which the best of men have illustrated, in every grace that adds beauty and charm to life, he has, by universal admission, a glorious pre-eminence. And if we say that he was *perfect* in all things, we do but echo the voice of the ages that have studied his character and felt his power. The perfect man ! Who can suggest any change that would improve him ? And yet this perfection is the perfection of nature. You do not stand before it as before a statue of exquisite symmetry and finish as a marvellous figure to be gazed at and admired. You feel that it is flesh and blood ; that it is one with you ; that you can shake hands with it, at the same time that your heart is drawn to it in veneration and love. Jesus is no foreigner to you. He speaks your native tongue. He is not hard to get acquainted with. You are not embarrassed in his presence as though he were an angel ; but as soon as you know him you are at home with him. I have never read the life of a man to whom, it seems to me, I could more freely go if I wanted sympathy or help, if I felt oppressed by the sense of guilt or unworthiness, if I were in any trouble, than to him. How that invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden," thrills the heart as though it were spoken for the first time to-day ! And in his "pre-eminence," since we can appreciate its qualities,—since they do not seem to be altogether untasted by us, but we have had experience of them in our little measures, do we not see our own possibilities ? Do we not recognize that "pre-eminence" as the ideal of Humanity ? And as he stood on the earth and yet declared

himself to be in heaven, as he was a Man and yet could say, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me," do we not see in him the prophecy and the promise of the ultimate lifting up of all mankind into the blessedness of heaven and that union with God of which John speaks when he says, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him?" For as all spirits are of one family, none can be so pre-eminent that the humblest of his brethren may not aspire to be like him and to share his beatitude.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF UNITARIANISM.

BY C. B. FERRY.

THE question is frequently asked, "Why is it that Unitarianism does not become the religion of the masses? if it be true, why does it not make more rapid progress in the world?" Sometimes when we get together—a respectable company of us, and talk over the prospects of the cause, we find ourselves glorifying our faith mightily, and feeling very confident that, when once its claims are fairly presented, it must and will command the immediate assent of all whose minds are thus reached by it. And this I suppose is not strange. People who believe anything strongly are apt to indulge the flattering and innocent hallucination—shall I call it? —that that persuasion of theirs is sure to accomplish an immediate and easy victory so soon as the machinery of their operations in its behalf are fairly at work. The early apostles of Christianity were filled with the same happy enthusiasm. They thought that the power of their risen Master, and the truth of his doctrine, were going to be made signally manifest in their day: and they, orientals though they were, never even understood him literally when he told them that, "In the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his

glory, ye also shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel," and that he was actually to appear in the clouds of heaven to take final possession of his world. Well, he *has* appeared, not however in any spectacular way, as they expected, but in the silent progress of his principles, and characteristic spirit in the heart of society, and still the world is not yet wholly possessed by him. And so it is. Somehow, when in moments of earnest conviction and enthusiastic faith we take counsel solely of our hopes, our expectations far outrun events, time reveals that the *fact* does not entirely cover the *faith*, and we fail ourselves, after the lapse of time, still hoping on and working on, and, if we have any faith, having it chiefly "unto ourselves."

My object in this paper is to see if some real, rational cause cannot be found for this state of things confessedly existing, in relation to the present condition and prospects of this "heresy" of ours, which we believe to be God's truth and cause, and which we do see to be working its own glorious, if silent way in the world. I wish to answer this question if I can, which is on the lips of so many in these days,—at least contribute something to its answer,—Why does not Unitarianism get on faster as a religion for the masses? No doubt in answering this question, some are assigning one reason and some another for the slowness with which "the cause" seems to be making its way. Some are saying, perhaps, if Unitarianism was more "radical," others if it was more "conservative," it would get on faster. Some would employ more striking methods so as to catch the popular ear, others would have less to do with sensationalism than even now and trust to time, and the natural operations of the human mind under ordinary influences, for the results they wish to see.

But it seems to me that we must look deeper than all this for the causes we wish to get at. Let us go a little deeper and see if we cannot find them. What is the characteristic peculiarity of Unitarianism? What central principle does it stand for? It stands for various theological truths; but it is also the outgrowth and fruit of one cardinal all-dominating

intellectual motive. When we get at that, I think we shall find an explanation, perhaps the chief one, for the slow progress which Unitarianism, not as a *system*, but as a *process of thought*, makes in our country. What is that intellectual motive? It is, in one word, *Accuracy*. It is the mental aim and determination to be accurate, so far as it is possible to be, in our thinking, our believing and our speaking, on all religious subjects.

Sixty years ago, or about the time the Unitarian controversy began, those views of theology were commonly held and preached which the generation then upon the stage had inherited from those who had preceded them, views which John Calvin had had more to do than any other to mould and shape. They were universally accepted, or nearly so. There was here and there a man, denounced as an infidel, who stood out against them, drifting to an extreme of denial and defiance by the sheer force of that opposition, he met with from the prevailing party, bravely incurring the odium thus naturally attaching to his position, and willing to be called by any opprobrious name for the sake of his principle, or what he deemed such. Here and there bodies of people were to be met with standing in open and organized opposition to the popular theology on one or another point of difference. But these dissenters were so few in the comparison that they hardly deserve a place in our estimate of the religious elements of the time. With these exceptions, however, the general system known by the name of Calvinism was accepted by everybody,—stood unchallenged as the theology of New England, embracing ostensibly the scholarship, the culture and the social influence of all our communities. It was not questioned. It was everywhere taken for granted. People did not pretend to look into the grounds of their faith; it was considered in those days the very last presumption of infidelity to examine or disturb the "foundations." Here was a field of thought, or rather of credence, from which all speculation, all thorough inquiry, all accurate scholarship, were by common consent systematically excluded. Meanwhile, learning advanced; knowledge on all other subjects became

more and more general ; the habit of looking into things and of discussing them and the grounds upon which they stood increased among this curious, meddling Yankee folk ; scholarship was growing more and more acute, discriminating and accurate, although as yet barred out from the theological field. By and by the question very naturally began to be asked, why this exception in favor of theology ? If sound scholarship and accuracy of thought will apply anywhere, is good for anything, why will it not apply to the reading and interpretation of the Bible ? why is it not good as an instrument of religion ? In point of fact, nearly every college in New England, every college planted in the colonial days, was specifically founded in order mainly that the Christian ministry might have its ranks filled with men thoroughly educated therefor. But in raising up men for this purpose, they were also and at the same time raising up men for that larger ministry which included all the other professions as well. The specialty of their religious aim became in time subordinate to educational and civilizing ends that were not distinctively religious, but general and, so-called, secular. So it curiously turned out that the fashion among the educated men of New England — sons for the greater part of the very institutions that were founded to foster and guard the Orthodoxy of the church — got to be gradually, to listen to statements made from the pulpits, and examine statements made in print, as they were taught to listen and examine everywhere else, as scholars and thinkers. And they, of course, set the example in respect more or less for the masses. The correctness of statements made by those specially authorized to teach in religion was no longer taken for granted by anybody, but became the leading question in debate. It was a great gain to religion when Biblical criticism was put upon a scientific basis at Cambridge, and when the opportunity was offered there to all comers, to study theology with the same mental and personal freedom with which any other branch of study was pursued. And under the inspiration of that thorough scholar and noble theologian, Moses Stuart, the Theological Seminary at Andover also, at that day, came to admit at last the

legitimacy and necessity of the scientific principle in Scriptural exegesis, and yielded, in a measure at least, to the tendency of the time among the scholarly men of New England to be accurate in thought, in study, and in statement in dealing with the great theological questions then in debate. Now this discovery, made in that day, that men should carry their critical judgments and their scholarship into religion, not silenced, but in the most active and conscientious play, was an entering wedge which any one of ordinary understanding could hardly fail to see would one day split the churches to their foundations. Yet the principle could not be denied, nor ignored, nor got rid of. Rome stood safe upon the only tenable ground if accurate scholarship was to be admitted into the arena of theological debate. She believed in scholarship—oh, yes, but she believed in it as the servant of the church, not for a moment, nor in any sense, as its master; and when she sent it into the arena, it was always bridled and *managed*, and made to do her minutest bidding. But here was Protestant Orthodoxy standing ostensibly on the right of private judgment, that must bow submissive to the honorable claims of competent scholarship and accurate thought in religion. And she must enter the arena too, this great Goliath, with all her middle-age theology tied to her back, and come to a fair, hand-to-hand contest with this young strippling of a David. The consequence was, many doctrines that were preached in the churches, upon which all the Congregational churches stood, and the truth of which had previously been taken for granted by everybody, fell to the ground.

This then, was the genius of Unitarianism fifty years ago. And this has been the genius of Unitarianism to this day: *accuracy of thought and accuracy of statement*, in religion. And wherever or by whomsoever it has been other than this, it has been falsified and denied, and its professed adherents have turned their backs upon it and been Unitarians in name, not in principle. Be it much or little that remained after all misstatements or over statements or bad logic or bad ethics or bad religion had been eliminated, *that* was to be adhered to and stood for. What is the truth about these things? not

what did Hopkins or Edwards or Calvin, or anybody else, regard as the truth, but what is the truth to us, to our light, and our understanding? That has always been the leading question with proper Unitarianism, and it is its leading question to-day. Not an idle question by any means, but a most pertinent and important one,—the question of questions. It is not the flippant question of Pilate, — "Truth,— what is truth?— what is all this you are making such a fuss about? Of what consequence to me is it whether this or that is true?" Not that; for it is just that empty spiritual indolence, and worldly conceit which stays the course of truth among men, and blocks the progress of this so-called heresy of ours in the world. But it is the earnest, honest inquiry, study and search for it as for hidden treasures, which he only knows to whom the spirit of truth has really come, who is willing to ask for it, and not only to ask, but to seek, and not only to seek, but to knock. To such an one the majesty of truth is opened from day to day, and he is not stupidly asking continually, "Show us the Father," because he knows that seeing, that he sees the Father.

And now just here we find the chief answer to our question, "Why, if Unitarianism is true, does it not bring into its fold and under its shelter the masses and become the prevailing religion of the country?" The masses, even the professedly religious, are not to-day, it must be confessed, asking this question, with any seriousness and earnestness of mind, which is the leading one with Unitarianism proper. *What is the truth* concerning these religious matters of which we hear so much? How little conscience there is in the world about truth in anything! In common conversation how seldom people feel it important to scrutinize their own statements, or to look at their own thoughts before they are expressed to see if they embody any absolute fact,—if there is any substance of truth in them,—and to square them at howsoever great a sacrifice of brilliancy or effect to the exact reality. What a silent power is that man who weighs his words, who is exact in his speech, who has a conscience for truth in what he says, and in what he *thinks*. — with whom *truth* is the law

and habit of his mind, the soul of his religion, and the religion of his daily life. But such men, alas! are rare. With the most of us this *conscience for truth*, in small as in great things, is overshadowed by other motives,— by ideas of politeness, by considerations of expediency, by ambition for success, by a thousand and one petty aims which we allow to come before it.

And in religion the same crying evil is mournfully conspicuous. To the majority it is a matter of not the least consequence "practically" whether this or that is true. "Truth," they will vacantly ask, with Pilate,— "who knows or cares anything about that?" Anything is truth that you can make to *appear* true. Anything is truth that you have a mind to believe, and you can believe anything you will. Anything is truth that will *pay*. Anything is truth that is prettily and smartly spoken. Anything is truth that will serve you when you are scared at the thought of retribution in another world. Anything is truth that doesn't cost too much. This is the ready answer which the appeal of an earnest soul receives from the actions, if not from the lips, of nine-tenths of "our practical business men." Now Unitarianism, if I have a right conception of it, is a stern, uncompromising protest against this mental and moral looseness in religion and in life. It declares war against it to the hilt, as the worst enemy of civilization and the death of the soul.

Hence Unitarianism, so long and so faithfully as it keeps to its central principle, must, so far as the numbers of its adherents are concerned, accept the position to which that principle naturally and inevitably brings it, the position of the minority. It is comparatively their first in any age who care enough for truth to make it their first and their last concern, so long as there are hosts of people around them who are content to think in droves, and are having what they are pleased to call a good and a successful time of it besides. It is not to be wondered at that one looking through eyes that are accustomed to see only what the multitude sees, should conclude that if a given body of believers only had the truth on their side they would certainly succeed better than they

do in convincing the masses of the fact, and as a consequence in enlarging their numbers ; and that the reason why other denominations get on so much faster in that respect must be that they have got the truth on *their* side, or else that they do somehow manage more adroitly in getting hold of the people. The fact is that the matter of *truth* does not have much to do with the size of congregations or of sects. It is other things generally, the merest accidents, which decide that over estimated circumstance.

No : so long as the genius of Unitarianism remains what it is — and heaven forbid that it should be anything else, and forgive us if we have attempted or desired to make it anything else — we must be content to occupy the place assigned to us, and glory in it, standing like faithful soldiers at our outpost of duty, rejoicing to do then the important service, solitary though it be, which must be done by somebody. If we can make that work seem pleasant, cheerful, glorious, why, so much the better for *us*. If we can make it attractive to others, and so induce them to come forward and share our advanced and solitary position with us, so much the better for *them*. At any rate, here we are, and here by God's leave let us stand, whether few or many, whether storm or sunshine be ours, until the captain of hosts orders us *forward*, or bids us "Come up higher." It ought to be considered the crowning glory of a man or a denomination that it stands for the truth, and that it wins the very best success, if it is true to its truth, and when its ideas of success consist not in the amount so much as in the quality of its work. It is unquestionably a part of our work to extend our light in the world, and increase the numbers of those who are bathed in that light ; but the best way to extend our light is to take it out from under the bushel of our own littleness in which we are so apt to confine it, and set it in the candlestick — our own candlestick, and not anybody's else — so that others may see the light for themselves. Surely we should be like a city that is set on a hill, which cannot be *hid*. But this thinking more about getting our churches filled and enlarging the borders of our denomination than we do about getting the truth to shine like bea-

con lights to guide home lost and bewildered souls, beating about in the fog and darkness, is, I think, essentially vicious and unworthy. I like numbers as well as any one. I confess to no little ambition for visible success, and visible success is not an ignoble thing in itself, provided always it *comes*, and we do not run lustingly after it — *comes* in consequence of power, worth, something infinitely more valuable than success in ourselves. There is such a thing as a man's gaining the whole world and losing his own soul, profiting him not a whit ; and this is equally true of a denomination or of a church.

We are in the habit of thinking that if all the liberal people in any given community were gathered together under one roof, and all the orthodox people were gathered together under another roof, we should have under the liberal roof the largest congregation. It isn't best, however, to be too sure about that. Undoubtedly liberal ideas enough can be heard within orthodox enclosures to satisfy the wants of liberal minds who find shelter in them, and to make it verily seem to them that "after the way which they call heresy they *are* worshiping the God of their fathers," just as truly as if they were in the liberal fold. But it is not enough occasionally to hear "rational views" expressed in orthodox pulpits ; it isn't enough to pick up the fruit that drops within your own enclosure from overhanging branches belonging to trees growing in your neighbor's garden. You should hold yourselves responsible, not only for the fruit you enjoy, but for growing the trees on which they ripen, and for what sacrifice or odium it costs you to call them your own. In other words, the name Unitarianism stands not merely for the ideas which are associated with it, not simply the results to which the best of us have come, but for this cardinal principle of mental and spiritual action, "*accuracy of thought, and accuracy of statement.*" And he is a Unitarian, strictly speaking, not necessarily, when he holds to the current notions, true enough it may be, which are supposed to belong to us, and into which perhaps he was born, but when he is committed heart and soul to this principle. It is in *that* that my hope lies, not in any special conclusions to which it may thus far have led us. Unitari-

anism at heart is a process, not a system, — an evolution, not a "statement of belief," — a way to walk in, not an end to stop at. And good people may hear as many Unitarian ideas in Orthodox or in Unitarian churches as they may, and go away saying, "That's good enough Unitarianism for me," they are not Unitarians in fact, if they have not taken the principle bravely to their heart of hearts. They are exactly in the position of the young man who was unexceptional so far as the law was concerned, but to whom, nevertheless, Jesus was obliged to say, "*Yet lackest thou one thing : sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow me.*"

And the sad but patent truth is, we Unitarians ourselves are not yet perfect as to the principle which is our watch-word. We are more apt to take its general ideas which have come to be orthodox with us, and pillow our heads on them, than we are to take up the cross which has been committed to us — which our principle implies — and carry it whithersoever it compels us to go. We are too apt to wonder what Mrs. Grundy will say, — a devoutly religious old dame, as well as an excessively social creature. She is a tremendous power in religious no less than in social circles, and not sufficiently apt to let truth decide for us what we shall believe and whither we shall go.

Dr. Bellows never spoke truer or more timely words than when, at the last annual meeting of the A. U. Association, he said : "The work which liberal Christianity has to do in this country is unique, and cannot be fairly estimated as you estimate that of the sects around us, nor brought into the same methods they employ. Take, for example, this great Methodist body. What sort of work did that do compared with the work we have to do to-day? Wesley separated out for himself a little field, which he called religion, and which he represented as lying outside of the general interest of society, and which threw a sort of contempt upon human nature, and upon the order of the universe ; which set aside education and almost everything else, in order that it might save souls, not for time, but for some critical hour that was to come in the great eternity which was before them. We

should find it a great deal easier work if we had some job of that sort on hand. They could beat us every time so long as they thus lowered their ends and aims. Their ends and aims are not compatible with ours. We want to keep our ends high, and the road open; we carry every part of humanity with us; each and every interest of man in the custody of religion; and we have got to move slowly, or drop some of those precious parts of our freight by the way. It is because we carry so much, and mean to carry so much with us, liberty, intelligence, reason, justice, and spirituality; faith in God, and faith in man; confidence in the light we now have, and confidence in human enlargement of it; and all subordinate to a true consecration to that life, which is neither here nor there, but everywhere—that is the largeness of our end and aim, and accounts for the slowness of our progress."

TRUST.

WE must grope in darkness. The light of heaven does not come down in great floods upon our path.

The human soul must work in darkness, and put out in the evening shadows the hand of faith. It is then we feel the need of earnest prayer: then the soul senses all its dependence on the Divine; and, like a child who has wandered from his father's home, we cry out for some one to come to our assistance.

But when the day dawns, and over the hill-tops we discern the sun of prosperity, what a feeling of self-reliance vibrates through our being! How light seem all life's burdens then! Not in the morning light, or in prosperous days, is the soul wont to call on God: it is in the night of sorrow that our cry goes up to heaven.

Ah! if we could ever be near to God. It is going from him that makes our night. And as no light dawns on the earth till it turns sunward, so no joy and peace will fill us till we turn to the central light and life of the great universe.—*From Branches of Palm.*

AFTER THE FIRE.

A SERMON PREACHED IN FIRST CHURCH, NOV. 17TH, 1872, BY REV.
RUFUS ELLIS.

And after the fire, a still small voice. — 2 Kings, xix. 12.

PARTLY on my own account, and partly for the sake of friends who were to speak to you from this pulpit, I had hoped that the last Lord's Day might be calm and bright. And it was, so far as the skies could pour down quietness, and the sun shed forth a sweet and pleasant light. But in all else it was a day of trembling, following a night of fearful anxiety ; and no man could tell what a moment might bring forth : a night and a day to be remembered by our children, and children's children. There was nothing for us but with such trust in the Divine Providence as had become the habit of our souls, or might be summoned by the briefest petitions of the hour, to do what we could. Let us be grateful for all that was done, profoundly and practically grateful that the age of heroism is not past, that the breed of noble bloods is not lost, that there are still so many who when others are to be served will not count the cost, though it may be what might remain to them of a life on earth. And let us in recalling what has been merciful find it something more than the irony of unpitying nature that all around was fair and gentle, that no strong wind urged on the devouring fire, and no wintry blasts fell upon unsheltered households. The fire, we trust, is over. We collect our thoughts and begin a little to see what is around us and before us. Already we have come together as fellow townsmen, in the spirit of our religion and of our fathers, to pray to the God of our fathers, to lift our hearts to him in a sweet psalm of faith, to counsel and to encourage one another. And as the Sunday comes round again we are reminded that the offices of religion are singularly appropriate to the day of adversity, and that the church of Christ has lived on through many ages of human trial to bring good out of evil, and light out of darkness. Let us lis-

ten a moment for the still small voice, that in quietness and confidence we may find strength.

1. The voice tells us that in the Divine Providence this trouble has come upon us. Not without God does our life on earth go forward under stern conditions. It is no less the hand of the Lord because He reigns by law, and in his law-giving and law-abiding destroys the hope of man. We are here to be educated, and education involves discipline, sometimes of the sharpest kind, and God, though he be the All-merciful, sends no angel to stand between us and the results of what might seem a pardonable negligence. We learn very little save from what we do and enjoy and suffer. We are told again and again that the walls are too high, and the roofs inflammable ; that they endanger property and human life ; but we go on piling stone upon stone, and spreading in the air a floor for the fiery shower to fall upon, and only when the buildings are in ruins do we admit that our experiment is not a success. We do not all err together, but since we must be one family we all suffer together. As we look back into the past we see blazing cities, and our own city with the rest, and as yet we have not learned to live safely in our great towns. Early in the last century our own church lost its house of worship in a great burning. Five-sixths of London was consumed in a fire of four days and four nights, and then men said, and meant it when they said it, "Let us build no more of wood, but only of brick and stone and iron." We may wonder that the Providence is so stern, that the warning voice is not louder and plainer, the word and the blow coming so close together, and the emphasis falling like the crack of doom ; and yet perhaps we ought rather to wonder that we continually run such great risks, and live in our world as if it were a child's play-room, and treat great laws of nature as if they were not laws, and could be disregarded in our haste with impunity, as we run after the various prizes of our life on earth. This training of men is a costly business, but I do not doubt that it is worth all it costs. Can you not remember how utterly dreary some of your school days looked, how all things seemed to be against you, and the end of your

little world at hand? On those days you were getting your best schooling: some lessons in the realities of life. The master could not spare you. So fire must burn, and water dissolve, and the way of disobedience to any law of nature must be a way of peril, suffering and death. It was under God, though no miracle was wrought to save the palaces of our modern industry, or harder, infinitely harder to think of, no heavenly hand drew back, the noble men, who with no dollar of their own at stake, most likely, sprang into the deadly breach in the hope of saving the dollars of others, and found no way of duty and love for them, through the burning city, that was not a way of death. Ah! it is terrible, this reign of law, and yet what were our world save for the wisdom and mercy which are pleased so to guide our way! Very wise and beneficent must be this rule, or He with whom all things are possible would not so bind it upon us and hold us to it. Let it be a part of our religion to conform ourselves to the conditions of our life, for God will not be the author of confusion, and only the wise in heart shall inherit honor.

2. "After the fire, a still small voice." When in the Providence of a law-giving and a law-abiding God we are brought into a great strait we are not left comfortless with only the cheerless reflection of a cold philosophy that it is precisely what we might have looked for, and what some of us deserved. That is the worst thing about it, and the hardest to bear. It would be an intolerable world if we were not encouraged in our weakness and even in our poor deservings, to live the life of faith, hope, and charity. It is one of the most blessed offices of our religion to make all things, even our follies and sins, work together for our good, to make our sorrows fruitful. "After the fire the still small voice," very gentle now and soothing, not so much the wisdom which cries in the streets, somewhat too loudly, and whose counsels are humiliating if not teasing and assuming, and come too late perhaps to help us in our generation, not so much the prudent and stern monitor as the still small voice, making itself heard when the fever of anxiety, and the excitement of

danger, and the first sense of relief are passing into a feeling of depression and weariness, the voice of the Father to the child, reminding us that with His help we may always make the best of what was not the best, that a blessing has come to us in a strange guise, and is waiting for us, that, however dark the outward prospect be, and however disheartening the situation, we are not defeated unless we suffer this blessing to escape us. I will not make light of other men's troubles. I do not say that it is not hard to become poor, to take up with feebler hands the tools which you had dropped as you thought forever, to be stinted in opportunity, to find that your talent has become a mite, and that you are crippled in your charities ; but I do say, that if, as may so well be the case, the poor in this world are made richer in great moral and spiritual faiths, sent inward to the fountains of peace in the heart, disciplined in courage and patience and a true manhood and womanhood, if when we are weak then we are strong through the help which our weakness wins from God, then they are losers who are also unspeakably the gainers. " Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again ; but whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." We should be so happy, we think, if it were only as it was before the spark spread into a fire, no ruins in the street, no poverty in the house ! But were we all happy then ? Had we learned to be content in that state ? Not all of us : God loves us better than that. Sometimes, when men are growing every day richer, and have need of nothing, and it is altogether a day of prosperity, they are sad with an exceeding sadness because of the unreality which their religion has got to be. The word is choked. The worst depressions befall us not when things are going badly around us, and defeat and disaster seem to be imminent, but when it is no longer with us a day of great faiths, when our eyes cannot pierce the veil which hides from us the heavenly cities of which the prophets tell, when hope and aspiration fail us, and our hearts are cold and hard as our treasures. I have found nothing so depressing as prosperity, nothing so fitted to elate and make the pulses throb with new life as a fresh persuasion of God,

and duty and the divine love and the immortal life born in a time where all seemed outwardly very dark. No man is ever defeated save by the foes of his own household. You never lose your cause until you have first lost your own heart. A man may be so rich as a man, as a child of God, as a disciple of Christ, so rich in precious thoughts, such a lover of all that is true and beautiful, such a believer in the abundance of the life that now is and the infinitudes of the life to come, that you cannot make him poor. He hath, and to him shall be given, and he shall have an abundance. This is the explanation, so far as any is vouchsafed, of our afflicted world. It makes character. It calls out faith. Some one said the other day in our public meeting that this generation had been called to trials beyond those which any generation of men had known. A strange exaggeration! I felt, as he said it, how untrue it was. Man has ever been born to great troubles. Compare, to take only a single example, our day with the time of the terrible thirty years war by which Germany was ground as between millstones; or consider the desolations which pestilence and famine have brought upon whole continents. But everything depends upon the spiritual quality of the sufferer, and out of all confusions and desolations, sometimes it would seem because of these, there has gone forth into the still upper air the psalm of thanksgiving to Him who spares us no sufferings — nay, multiplies them upon us, if only He may bring us at last to receive the crown of life. Our age has indeed done and suffered nobly. Like the ages that went before, it has had its saints and its martyrs. And yet because of the minds of so many turned to the multiplication of outward goods, it must be called the age of comfort worshippers, and it is only in accordance with the ordinary Providence of God that many are called again to endure hardness. The still voice reminds us, not tauntingly but lovingly, of the pearl of great price which we are always rich enough to buy, of noble lives which have been passed in humblest conditions, of the body which is more than the raiment, of the luxuries of piety and friendship

and service which no outward calamity can touch. Let us reach out for the blessing of a cheerful and contented and hopeful spirit, and understand that the days of adversity are made to abound only because they are days which most of us can least spare.

3. "After the fire a still small voice." We shall need it, my friends, as autumn declines into winter, and the shadows of the year deepen upon the ruins of streets that were once so fair, and through which some of us have run as light-hearted children, or journeyed as care-taking men and women these many years ; we shall need it as the winds of winter sweep over our desolate places, and one after another the little hoards reserved against the dark day begin to fail, and the hands nerved afresh to their tasks drop down weary ; we shall need the quiet steady force, not sensational but inspirational, which comes only from within and from above, and is enough not only for ourselves but for our brethren. Let us listen together for the voice. It calls the rich and the poor, those who have suffered and those, if any there be, who have quite escaped, together before the Lord. It tells us that we are one in this calamity, that more than ever now in our pilgrimage towards the land of promise it must be with us as with the Israelites of old, "He that gathered much had nothing over and he that gathered little had no lack." I met one who said, "I am ashamed to confess that I have gained and not lost by this fire," and I should have been ashamed for him if he had not added ; "but I mean to give." Of course he must ; for whether one member suffers all the members suffer with it, and the Lord Jesus hath made us one body, and members every one, of another. Let us seek only for a common deliverance. Let us recognize our opportunity to add our own Christian chapter to the story of a city which was founded in Christian faith and hope, and was as famous in its day of small things, as ever in its day of wealth, and please God shall go forward as it began, through evil report and through good report, in the fear and love of God and in the service of man !

NEAR THE SHORE.

COME near to me, my darling,
And lay your hand in mine,
I am going to a temple
Where heavenly beauties shine
Throughout its lofty archway
And round its pearly gate,
Where I shall stand, my loved one,
When "the cord is loosed," and wait.

For I shall see you coming
Along the heavenly shore ;
Shall hear the silver waters
Just broken by the oar,
As the pale boatman plies it
Along the river's tide :
Then I shall clasp you, darling,
And call you still my bride.

The frosts of many a winter
Have on our earth-life laid ;
We've seen our roses wither,
And many a hope-beam fade ;
But we have had some sunshine,
And many a golden ray
Has lain across our pathway
Throughout our long life-day,

The pearly gates of heaven .
Have opened many a time,
And down the angel stairway
We've heard the holy chime
Of soft angelic voices,
In sweet and thrilling song,
Singing, "Behold the morning !
The night will not be long."

Lo, when the gates swing open
Again, I shall pass in ;
Oh, while I walk the golden streets,
Let not your lamp grow dim ;
But keep it bright and burning
Through every care and strife,
Till the gates once more are open,
And death is lost in life.

TO GIVE IS TO RECEIVE.

We must bless if we would receive a blessing. We must pour the water from the cup if we would have it filled again. Life is an exchange of bounties, a transfer from one hand to another. Earth gives her portion to the flowers, they send their fragrance unto man and man gathers them, decks the path of friendship, and makes hearts sweeter with their rich fragrance.

The sky is mellower for the passing cloud that lowers beneath it. The cloud receives its glory from the orb of day.

All things are tributary to each other. The glow-worm lights a traveller's path : the pebble turns the tide.

Rill fills the river : rivers send their vapors forth, and fill again the rills. If love flows from our soul unto our neighbor's something must be dislodged within his breast. It may be envy, pride, or hate,—what matters it? or it may be sweetest strains of gratitude that will gladden some ear, though not our own. We are but workers, but not, like earthly laborers, waiting for our pay. It comes in God's time, and always at the needed moment. Keep the waves in motion. Roll the ball of love heavenward. It will strike many hearts, and gather accelerated speed. Pass the cup around. Bid the thirsty drink, for dust and mould will gather on the cup that stands unmoved ; and the water it holds will become unfit for our own or another's use.

SLOW PROGRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN another article reference is made to the slow progress of our views. This ought not to discourage us. It would not savor of humility to claim that we are in advance of all the world in our religious thought. We claim no such distinction. But if we really went farther than all others in our conceptions of the divine truths, and the spiritual and practical life, of our religion, this very fact would prevent us from being popular teachers. The profoundest and most original thinkers are always in a small minority. To-day they belong to no one denomination. In many religious bodies and in many departments of thought, they are introducing their advanced ideas and convictions, and slowly intelligent minds around them are drawn over to their side, and by and by the belief of the world on those subjects is changed. But the more central and profound the truth, the more deep and widely extended the revolution which it is to work out in the sentiments and the moral conduct of men, the longer will be the time required to reach the desired end.

A tent for the night may be put up in an hour. A house to last a few years or for a life-time may be completed in a single season ; but the solid cathedral, on which men shall gaze with wonder when a thousand years have passed away, is the work of a century or more. We can build a school-house in a month, and engage a teacher almost any day, but it is the work of years to educate a child ; and if, in the progress of centuries, a perfect system of education shall be introduced, for the advantage of every child in the community, we may thank God that we have been permitted to assist in laying so much as one stone in that august and sacred temple. So in every great effort for the improvement of society, and the removal of the gigantic wrongs which have fixed themselves upon it, and entwined themselves into all its fibres, we may be defeated for the present, the wrong may triumph, but

its very triumphs will be made to recoil upon and crush the evils which they seem to us to uphold and advance. We cannot see how. But blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed. And though they are of God, and in our impatient wishes we would have them triumph now, though we sometimes lose our courage or our temper, because thwarted in our childish haste to reach the end, we must remember that it is our business to have faith in the righteous cause, to hope on, to toil on, to perform our part however small, leaving it for those who come after us to carry on the work, and leaving it to God in his own good time and by his own chosen agents to carry out and complete his own vast and beneficent designs.

In our efforts for the advancement of religious truth, we are often unreasonable and soon grow weary and disheartened because we witness no sudden and immediate results. "If these things are true," we impatiently ask, "why is it that they have so little effect? Why are men so slow to receive them? Why does not the Almighty hasten forward his own cause? Why do we not see some great thing accomplished?" As the heavens are higher than the earth, so his ways are not as our ways nor his thoughts as our thoughts. It is not for us to look through the boundless purposes of God; the grander the orbit, the longer must be the time of a single revolution.

Many things we cannot see. The fountain and perpetual influx of life through nature, withdrawing in autumn and leaving the earth a general tomb, and with every spring-time working a general resurrection,—this fountain and influx of life we cannot see. The hand that moves the stars and brings the seasons round, each in its place at the appointed moment, is veiled from us. The superintending power that overlooks and overrules all our labors here, is hidden from our sight. The spiritual seed we sow, the souls on which we would act, and the deepest inward results we may know only from very imperfect and clouded manifestations. The action of his spiritual faculties we cannot now see even in our nearest friend, still less the ongoing of that same inward life when the heart has ceased to beat and the body is turned

to dust. We cannot see it. But blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed. We cannot look through and behold the glorious issues from out this mortal scene,—the uplifting of the soul, the clothing upon, its joyous exultation in newness of liberty and life, moving with the freedom of an angel through a world where no bleak winds or frosts or snows shall chill its warm perpetual spring. This we cannot see. We may feel within ourselves the germ of immortality, and in proportion as we are faithful to Christ and the holiest promptings of the soul shall the intimations, nay, the assurance, of immortality be strengthened within us, till at length this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal be clothed in immortality.

CONSISTENCY.

BY THE EDITOR.

NOTHING is more ridiculous than the pains people sometimes take to prove their consistency. They have always held exactly the same opinions. They have always pursued exactly the same course. But with finite beings is there not always room for change? How is a man to grow wiser except by modifying his opinions? How is he to become greater except by enlarging his sphere of thought and life,—attaining to heights where new and grander views open before him, and new paths of duty call him away from the old and beaten ways?

It is sometimes thought that in order to be consistent we must be doggedly attached to the same measures and always employed in the same way. But it is enough that we cherish

always the same love of truth and the same steadfast purpose to seize and obey it as it shall become known to us.

Consistency is found in acting always from a settled principle, and not in being fixed always upon the same object. With a change of circumstances we shall change our mode of action and the objects on which we are employed. With the increase of knowledge our views will be enlarged and there must be a corresponding enlargement in our plans. We may give up particular measures, and every day in some respect vary our own course, while the same great principles are steadily pursued. As the bee, in its zig-zag flight, lighting on all flowers, seems without an object, while all its efforts are really concentrated on one purpose,—as the ship, touching at a hundred ports and veering towards every point in the heavens, through all these changes steadily follows the same wide-reaching design,—so we may change our direction, may go from object to object, may seem to labor without a plan, and yet all the while be pursuing the same great end, which in its comprehensive purpose embraces all plans, all modes of action, every form of charity, virtue, and love. With this wide aim, we never shall want for employment. Our benevolence is not confined to the intemperate or the slave, to the poor or the distant heathen : it embraces all wherever through this world of suffering and sin it may spend itself to most advantage, there is its field of action. At one time our efforts may be to gain wealth, at another we may labor for the advancement of science and art ; at one time our thoughts may be taken up at home, at another they may extend themselves through the complicated interests of society. To-day we may be in church, to-morrow amid the refinements of social life,—now studying and now acting, at one time with the joyous in their mirth, at another with the mourner in his sorrows, now associating with one class of persons and now with another, and yet everywhere persevering in the same great principles, and carrying out the same all-embracing, consistent purposes of life.

DR. SEARS AND "THE CRITIC."

THE able article by Prof. C. C. Everett in the November Number of "Old and New" makes it necessary to say little more about Dr. Sears's new volume. "The critic" however stands charged with *misapprehensions* to which he would make reply. As regards the *first misapprehension*, the critic's objection is that a fixed opinion has been formed as to certain features which must attend a wholly undeveloped hypothesis, thereby forming a conclusion in advance of evidence. As to the *second misapprehension*, the critic does not complain that a long period has not been assumed as the life of the human race, but that a short period has been assumed. As to the *fourth misapprehension*, which exists in a foot-note only, the critic confesses his inability to determine the author's meaning from his volume. As to the *sixth misapprehension*, the critic specially recognizes distinctions of attributes in the nature of both God and man, as his article will show; it is a distinction in the substance of the mind, an imperfection in mental individual unity, which he denies to be possible. As regards the *third, fifth and seventh misapprehensions*, the critic accepts the issue and puts himself upon the country.

The critic's understanding of Dr. Sears's theology is that he recognizes in the man Jesus a human being differing from other men in his parentage and his blameless life, but that the Logos of the Fourth Gospel, the Christ who taught as one having authority and spake as never man spake, was not this man Jesus, but the self-revealing Deity. If in this understanding the critic is wrong he asks Dr. Sears for correction. Believing that this point should require no discussion, the critic will henceforth be dumb.

* *

God's image slumbers in our souls till sharp-edged grief cuts here and there, when, lo! the semblance of his form appears sculptured by woes of time.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE death of Mr. Seward ten or twelve years ago would have produced a profound impression throughout the country. Now, occurring as it did at the crisis of an earnest presidential campaign, it caused hardly a ripple of public excitement or emotion. Appropriate obituary words were written ; appropriate honors were accorded to his memory ; and without even a momentary pause the event is passed by as of no further concern, and men cease to talk of him amid the more absorbing topics of the hour. And yet there have been few statesmen who filled so important a place in our country's history, or who have filled it so ably and so well. Without the commanding intellectual ability and personal presence of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, there were qualities in which he surpassed them all, and which enabled him, in the last years of their life, to understand and provide for the actual necessities of the country better than they could. He had the advantage of being twenty years younger than the youngest of them, and, therefore, better able to comprehend the new life and the new ideas which were coming up to control the march of public events. He foresaw and first announced in the United States Senate "the irrepressible conflict" between two constant opposing elements, like freedom and slavery, under the same government, and that one or the other must be overcome and destroyed. And when his views were denounced as unconstitutional, he first had the courage to stand up in his place in the Senate, and appeal to a law higher than the Constitution, by which rulers and nations are to be judged. In those perilous and awful days, from 1850 to 1856, of fugitive slave laws and Kansas outrages, no man in our national councils took a nobler stand or did a greater work than Mr. Seward.

Afterwards, when the civil war was looming up before us

in all its portentous magnitude, it was thought by some of the more uncompromising abolitionists, that Mr. Seward was hardly equal to the occasion, but was shrinking from the consequences of his own doctrines. He foresaw the evils of war and was anxious to do all that could be done, without the sacrifice of principle, to conciliate the South. His speeches in the Senate in 1860-1, were of this character. We heard a very distinguished senator denouncing him as "shallow," because of the course which he then adopted. But it certainly was the part of a great statesman to leave no efforts at conciliation untried before accepting the dreadful alternative of civil war. We believe that when all the particulars and motives of Mr. Seward's public conduct at that time and while he held the office of Secretary of State, both under Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson, are fully known, he will hold a higher place than he now does in the respect and gratitude of the nation. There is no question that our foreign affairs were managed with consummate ability during the critical period of the war. And when Johnson succeeded Lincoln, Mr. Seward may have felt how perilous the times were, and therefore as a patriot consented "to stand in his lot," even with the loss of personal popularity, on account of the restraining influence which he might thus exercise over the President.

If these were his motives, they are worthy of all commendation. With all his love of popularity and his astuteness as a New York politician, Mr. Seward was capable of making great sacrifices. When still a young man, after he had been Governor of New York, he set himself against the fierceness of public sentiment, by volunteering to act as counsel for a negro who in a fit of insanity had committed a most atrocious murder. Many times in his life he thus set at naught merely personal considerations. But his continuing a member of Johnson's administration alienated from him the great party with which he had been associated and which he had done as much as any one man to build up.

It is too early to fix his place in history. John Adams was the great advocate of our national independence. Alexander Hamilton, the author of the Constitution, will always be con-

sidered our great original and creative statesman, as Washington was the great ruler to put the government in motion. Madison, and Fisher Ames, Jay and Marshall were the wise legislators, counsellors and jurists who in that first generation contributed most largely to its success. Jefferson furnished the ideas by which the government, originally aristocratic, became essentially democratic, but as a practical statesman he failed in almost every one of his favorite measures.

In a later generation, Daniel Webster was the great defender and expounder of the Constitution, a great constitutional lawyer rather than a great statesman. We have been accustomed to regard John Quincy Adams as by far the ablest and most accomplished statesman of his day, as much superior to Mr. Webster in the qualities of statesmanship as Mr. Webster was superior to him at the bar and in all the qualities of a distinguished advocate. Mr. Seward was a statesman more after the order of Mr. Adams than of Mr. Webster. The grand massive simplicity of Mr. Webster's mind was all his own. No other man attained to it or made any approach towards it. The rhetoric of Adams, Seward or Sumner is loose and sophomorical compared with it. But with them, statesmanship has rested on grander principles. It has allied itself more closely with all humane sentiments. It is more able to adapt itself to the advancing moral sentiments and wants of society. It recognizes more distinctly the laws of God as at the foundation of all law. To have been one of the foremost — for a time the foremost of all — in enforcing these higher ideas of statesmanship must always be esteemed a great honor, and it is an honor which undoubtedly belongs to the name of William H. Seward.

THE ELECTION.

Fickleness is not one of the charges that can with justice be brought against our people. When they have once made up their minds to a plan of public policy they are not easily diverted from it, and when they have once given their confidence to a public man they do not often withdraw it without real or apparent cause. The loyalty of the nation to the dem-

ocratic party went on with occasional slight deviations through a period of nearly sixty years, and then unwillingly withdrew itself only when it found beyond all question that that party had been unfaithful to itself. When it found the principles which it revered better represented by another great national organization, it attached itself to it, and so long as that organization is true to its principles it may depend on the nation for its support. Individual grievances count for nothing in the administration of national affairs. Mr. Sumner may not have the influence which he ought to have with the President, and Gen. Butler may have more than he ought. If these and other similar mistakes exist they are to be remonstrated against and removed. The President may be wrong in not inviting Mr. Douglass to dine at the White House. Still if the general policy of the party is right and the Republican administration on the whole able and honest, the best available exponent of the true policy of the country, the people do not allow themselves to be turned away from them by these or any other inferior issues. This persistency and steadfastness in the popular mind has never shown itself more forcibly than in the last Presidential election and in the face of what may seem to superficial observers to indicate fickleness. "The Springfield Republican," one of the ablest, most honest and most popular of our public journals, found itself suddenly without a particle of influence among those with whom its word had been accepted almost as law. Gen. Banks, in a district where his name has been supposed to command overwhelming majorities, was entirely abandoned by his old supporters. Mr. Sumner, whose voice has been as a trumpet to rouse and guide the faithful, called to his wards and clients; but they no longer recognized him as their leader. And why? Because of the ingratitude and fickleness of the people? Not at all; but because of their steadfastness and loyalty to principles rather than to men. They believed in Mr. Sumner more than in Mr. Cameron, in Mr. Trumbull more than in Mr. Morton or Mr. Chandler. But they believed in the principles and measures of the Republican party as carried out by President Grant's adminis-

tration more than they believed in any man and more than they believed in what they were likely to secure by any change of administration. And, therefore, in their fidelity to great public measures, they consented, though not without pain, to separate themselves for a time from their favorite leaders. We cannot but look upon this as a hopeful feature of the times.

Republics, it used to be said, are always endangered by the undue influence of great men, and especially of military men. But how is it here? Through a gigantic war of four years, no military officer ever undertook to resist the authority of the civil government. Our most brilliant general, in the moment of a triumphant success which will place him always among the distinguished generals of the world, submitted to a humiliating order from the President annulling the terms of capitulation which he had agreed to; and the people approved of what the government had done, though without any abatement in their admiration for the victorious general. And now Gen. Grant is not chosen because of any military eclat, nor because he is especially popular. He is not a man of popular gifts. There is no enthusiasm about him personally. He is not to-day a popular man. But the people, trusting to his sound judgment and solid integrity of character, believed that the principles and measures most essential to the well-being of the country would be safer in his hands than in those of the opposing candidate. They had seen him during the last eleven years gradually coming out from utter obscurity to the highest offices in war and peace, never pushing himself into notice, never elated or depressed, but modestly, faithfully and with extraordinary success fulfilling the duties of his place, in untried positions sometimes making mistakes, but never making the same mistake twice, sagacious in selecting his assistants and generous in his appreciation of their services, rising with each new emergency to an intelligent comprehension of its requirements. There were no eccentricities or extravagances in his constitution, but the calmness and moderation which belong to rulers of the higher order.

For the last four years he has been in training for the duties which now lie before him. He has a great work to do. In the civil service reform, he will incur the opposition and

hatred of the ablest and most unscrupulous political managers of his own party. In restoring peace, order and harmony to the southern states, bringing a proud and lately rebellious people to take their place as equals in political privileges and loyalty with the most favored citizens of a great and united nation, securing the equal rights of all, he has before him a task which will call into exercise his rare practical sagacity, his magnanimity, his firmness, his powers of conciliation, and all the higher qualities of practical statesmanship. In his treatment of the Indians we believe that he has already inaugurated a policy which, when it is fairly understood both in its mildness and its serenity, will save us from the Indian massacres and wars which have been such a burden and disgrace to our country.

THE FIRE.

The death even of a great statesman like Mr. Seward was suddenly thrown as it were into the distant past by the excitement of the Presidential campaign. And even the Presidential election, in less than a week, was placed among events of remote interest by the destructive fire which has fallen so heavily on our citizens. We would refer our readers to another article on this subject in our columns, contenting ourselves here with a very few remarks.

The heaviest pecuniary losses have fallen on persons able to bear them. But the consequences are not confined to the apparent sufferers. As we read name after name of those whose costly warehouses were destroyed, we could not but say to ourselves, what blessed streams of charity are suddenly dried up? What ministries of love in distant states or lands are suddenly impoverished? In how many poor men's homes, in how many solitary chambers of sickness and want, will the light burn more dimly, and the cold of the coming winter be more searching and fearful, because of the losses which have fallen here.

We are all members of one body, and all rejoice or suffer together. The rich merchant loses half of his insurance because the insurance office fails. But a poor woman, a country minister, a farmer in a neighboring town, has invested a

large part of the savings of years, or the small inheritance which came from more prosperous friends, in an insurance company. In an hour it is all swept away. Hundreds of such cases are now among us,—losses very serious and hard to bear.

There are young men whose business capacity and honesty enabled them to borrow money and extend their operations beyond what their own capital would allow, and now the sadness of impoverished homes is embittered by the mortification of not being able to meet their pecuniary engagements. There are men who have passed the meridian of life, who were rich a month ago, but are poor men now, and as long as they live the consequences of this fire will pursue them with its ungracious limitations and constraints. To help these classes of men immediately to resume their business is one of the most imperative duties of the hour.

Every day is bringing out more distinctly the extent of the disaster which has fallen on all classes of persons. A family living closely within their means with no spare dollars at their disposal find the insurance on their house worthless. It is a real hardship for them to raise the forty or fifty dollars needed to get again the untrustworthy security which they have already paid for. There are the regular employees connected with business firms,—many thousands thrown out of employment. And there are thousands more, indirectly connected with them, living on what is received at second or third hand. Apparently they have lost nothing, and yet their means of living, dependent on the property of the community, are sorely reduced. The oldest seat of learning in the country is obliged to appeal to its children for aid. The Simmons fund left for the endowment of a school for young women is seriously impaired. The Art Museum loses some of the most precious works which have been set apart for it.

These are only a few of the illustrations which might be given to show in how many directions this great calamity has extended. There is room for the exercise of all the kindly feelings of the community in works of substantial beneficence. The Christian virtues never had a better field for activity, whether through streams of public, or rills of private, charity. The occasion is great and pressing, but we believe that the

spirit of our people is equal to the occasion. We have hardly seen a man who has seemed depressed or cast down. The only person we have met who appeared disturbed by his losses was a rich man who had suffered too little to call out the real nobility of his nature. There is a general disposition everywhere to lend a helping hand.

THE FIREMEN.

There is hardly any form of heroism which so deeply moves us, and so excites our admiration, as the conduct of some of our firemen. The families of those who are disabled or who die in the service ought to have pensions. We are glad to see that one of our most public-spirited citizens, Mr. George B. Upton, has taken this matter in hand with his accustomed energy, and we trust that his appeal will be freely responded to.

INSURANCE OFFICES.

We are not satisfied with the manner in which these institutions have been conducted. The amount of risks has been altogether out of proportion to the capital stock. And in many of them the dividends paid to stock-holders have been unreasonably large. As a consequence, the surplus set aside to meet extraordinary losses are wholly inadequate to meet such an emergency as the present, and the security which they promised fails when the hour of trial has come. We understand that dividends of twenty and thirty per cent have been paid for years by several insurance companies which now pay only one-third or one-half of their liabilities. If they had paid ten per cent to their stock-holders, leaving the surplus to increase their ability to meet extraordinary losses, their stock-holders would have had an ample income with greater security; for their property would not be utterly worthless now, and the persons whom they undertook to insure against losses by fire would not feel in their ruined fortunes that the promises to which they trusted were of so little value.

The bankrupt companies are seeking new charters. There is a rush for the stock which promises to be a very profitable investment. When a capital of \$300,000 is wanted, in several instances, we are told, two or three times that amount

has been subscribed. But only the smaller sum is taken, because the same amount of business will be done on a small as on a large capital, and of course greater dividends can be paid. But how about the security to policy holders? We trust that these companies, which after paying to their stock-holders twenty or thirty per cent dividends for years have now wiped out their obligations by insolvency and are seeking to be incorporated anew, will be allowed to receive charters only on condition that they shall by more moderate dividends lay up larger reserves for additional security against very unusual and extraordinary losses. This would be a much more equitable way of strengthening their guarantees than what they are now doing by adding twenty or fifty per cent to their charges for insurance. In a business involving so much risk, the corporators should be entitled to liberal dividends, but not so liberal as to expose to extreme hazard their own capital and the interests of those whom they undertake to protect. Our sympathy with suffering stock-holders should not allow us to lose sight of the higher interests of justice and security in the community. Insurance companies have been very prosperous. And for them now to take advantage of the panic and the necessities growing in part out of their own inability to fulfill their engagements, by imposing new and unreasonable rates for insurance, is what ought not to be allowed by the Legislature in granting new charters.

In looking over our topics for the month, we see that they are all of a secular character; but they may all be brought home to us in the light of the highest principles of Christian morality and Christian faith. The statesman who would build up a great and enduring reputation must build on a foundation of justice and truth. The administration which is to conduct the affairs of a great nation successfully must be guided by faith in the two great commandments of our religion. The lesson of the fire is one of Christian charity and mutual aid. And even insurance offices must be held up to their moral obligations, and by law and public sentiment be compelled not to enrich their stock-holders at the expense of the protection against loss which they are expected and paid to secure.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE ELECTION is over, and the lessons that come from the late electioneering campaign are many and important. Religious papers and magazines could not take any sides in the canvass and cannot join in the huzzas of victory; but these lessons they may gather up and make a record of. Lesson first: calumny and misrepresentation are bad policy as well as bad morality. The average common sense of the mass of the people cannot be imposed upon by party cries; and falsehood does not gain anything by being reiterated, but on the other hand is made to look more and more hideous and hollow. We have been an interested observer of twelve of these electioneering campaigns, but we do not think any one of them abounded in such unscrupulous slanders, such perversions of truth in order to destroy the reputation of public men whose good name is the property and ought to be the pride of the whole country. This would seem to argue that the tone of the public morality had been sinking lower, were it not that the verdict of the people stamps its swift condemnation on this execrable policy.

The results of the war are secure. This is the second lesson. The country has no idea of undervaluing the price of its redemption, which is the blood of half a million of its heroes. The emancipated race who have been loyal and faithful are not to be betrayed and remanded to the tender mercies of the "local government," which lately oppressed and enslaved them; and Kukluxism is to be suppressed.

The White House disease should be guarded against as one of the most fatal of epidemics. This is the third lesson. It is a disease of the brain which addles it, and takes all sense out of it. It makes a man talk foolishly who before talked sensibly, and makes the White House look farther and farther off in the distance.

Political honesty, like all other honesty, is more sure of its reward than political expediency. This is the fourth lesson. It is a great deal better to cling to ideas and follow them and hold your party to them than to be watching the tidal wave. The tidal wave will follow you at length if you follow the unchanging right; whereas, if you try to follow the tidal wave, it will very likely wash.

you ashore among the driftwood, and leave you high and dry on some heap of sand.

Lesson fifth and lastly. Speech is silver,— when it is not brass, — but silence is golden.

THE NEW TIMES. It seems to be the conviction of the most conservative that women in Massachusetts are to vote, and of course if they vote they will hold office. They will not accept the ballot when first offered them. In one town petitions were circulated praying the legislature for women suffrage, and a remonstrance against it. Both papers were freely offered for signature. Over one hundred intelligent women signed the remonstrance, and only four, if we remember rightly, signed the petition. The women of Massachusetts will not accept the ballot we are persuaded unless they mean to attend faithfully to its duties. They will attend town meetings. And if they do they will make them more like orderly church meetings. Coarse wrangling and rowdyism will be banished therefrom. They will be chosen members of legislatures. But they will not sit promiscuously with the men, but by themselves, and exert a refining influence on legislative proceedings. They will have places on committees to whom are entrusted the interests of education and of public charities. They will exert a humane and Christianizing influence on the criminal code. Their range of reading will be more extensive, for it will necessarily include subjects which will demand their voice and action on their individual responsibility. As for bringing political divisions and party rancor into the household, these will prove idle fancies ; for if a man should find himself on one side in politics and his wife on the other, which would not often happen, politics would have a fairer discussion and both sides would be ventilated. We might just as well say that both are bound to have the same opinions in religion : whereas we often find that the religion of the wife complements that of the husband, inspiring it with sentiment, when otherwise it would be only the dry bones of theology.

There are dangers however that must not be winked out of sight. Intriguing women, if they get into politics will be a more dangerous element than intriguing men. Female influence when good elevates and purifies. When bad it makes the bad still worse, and if introduced into political life it would open a lower deep of corruption than we have had yet. Here is a danger which the reformers must guard against and shut out.

FAREWELL TO THE GOLDEN AUTUMN, and all hail to the tyrant of the year,—so the poets call winter. To some however winter comes doubly laden with blessings. The long winter nights invite to plans of reading and thinking, and if the young do not embrace these opportunities and *read with an object and a plan*, and take notes of the same, they fling away time or kill it. The lecture season also brings rare opportunities, but lectures without reading and thinking and enlarging on the subject of the lectures run into mental dissipation. Then comes old Father Christmas, whom Hosmer calls, “Chaplain to the King of Storms,” diffusing a soft radiance and a genial glow over all the stormy aspects of December.

“His silver hair and rosy face
Give to his time-worn form a grace,
And children with a bound
Flock to enjoy his kind embrace
While gifts are scattered round.”

THE EXQUISITE LYRICAL BALLADS which Mr. Bayne weaves into his drama (“The Days of Jezebel”) are not the least among the merits of that remarkable production. The following is sung by Jezebel in the court of Ahab after musing on the scenes in her father’s palace at Sidon and the remembered sacrifice in Ashtoreth’s high fane. We select it for its brevity, not because it has greater merit than others.

“O father, I weep: yet chide not thou,
For the tear sprang unaware,
When that waft from the window touched my brow
Like mine own sweet Sidon air;

“The still cool air of the Sidon night,
As we stood on the palace wall,
And watched the black sail on the moon-path white,
And the long waves float and fall.

“Then chide me not, father, chide not much,
For I still shall do and dare,
But that waft from the window felt like the touch
Of my own dear Sidon air.”

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE DROUGHT put into the lips of Elijah as he is recounting his experience to Naboth will give some idea of Mr. Baynes’ remarkable power, as displayed throughout this drama, of turning language into pictures.

" Then the great drought prevailed through all the land :
Upon the fields, instead of bladed grass,
Lay a white scarf as on a leper's face.
The drought pierced to the core of the gray hills
And drank their secret wells. In the sere woods
The buds half opened in the hope of spring,
Then shrivelled like the hands of dying babes,
And made no summer. Mid the branches bare
The voice of birds went silent, and the beasts
With black tongues hanging from their mouths, and eyes
Sunk in their sockets, gazed into the pools
But found no water. Mountain villages
Grew silent on the hills and stood as tombs.
Oh, it was weariness unspeakable
To see nor fresh green leaf nor yellow grain,
Nor purple grape, nor blue corn-flower, nor spark
Of scarlet poppy nor white sailing cloud.
No color on the world ! The woven robe
Of air and moisture laid upon the earth
To make her beautiful, and draw the love
Of us her children, had been lifted off
In God's fierce anger. The old mother face
Had lost its tenderness of smiles and tears."

THE DROWNED. The lives of thousands have been needlessly lost through drowning, for want of clear practical directions and common sense treatment for the restoration of drowned persons. Rolling on barrels was the old method. In the case of drowning, the organism is unimpaired ; it is only suspended animation, while the organs are all ready to perform their functions again if they can only be put in motion. This has been done by judicious treatment, even after three or four hours' perseverance. "Good Health," for October, has a little supplement of eight pages, giving brief directions illustrated with cuts for the treatment of the apparently drowned. They are the result of extensive inquiries, which were made by the Royal National Life Boat Institution, of England, amongst medical men, and are in use in the Navy and the Coast-guard service and at all the stations of the British Army, both at home and abroad. Everybody ought to get this little tract and thoroughly master its contents, which any one could do in half an hour ; and then they would be thoroughly prepared for emergencies which may occur when some valuable life might be saved. Remember "Good Health" is published by Alexander Moore, 2 Hamilton Place, Boston.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF has been a matter of dispute, or at least of diversity of statement among his biographers. Some make him out inclining to Orthodoxy, some a rank infidel, some a "Liberal Christian." Laman's recent work settles the question beyond all dispute. He read Theodore Parker's writings and believed in Parker's theology. But the sharp outlines of Parkerism were evidently softened somewhat in the last years of his life and under the crushing responsibilities that lay upon him. He read Channing also and liked Channing. He was a Theist, believed in Providence and in the immortality of the soul ; and whether he came to regard the Christ of the New Testament with any more love and sympathy than in his earlier years cannot be known, though he probably did. Notwithstanding his jokes and anecdotes, he had black moods, which were perfectly awful, and his biographer surmises that his desolate religious creed had something to do with them. Laman's book tells things which ought to have been suppressed ; but as a whole we lay down the volume, notwithstanding, with a still more exalted idea of the wonderful man, and enhanced admiration of his intellectual and moral greatness.

ALL NIGHT IN PRAYER.

How often on my midnight pillow waking,
I fain would seize and stop the golden hours,
While — light from Thee upon my spirit breaking —
I join the worship of the heavenly bowers.

And yet not always lovingly and meekly,
Does my life show thy doctrine clear and true ;
Oh, come Lord Jesus ! to my soul come quickly,
And make me do thy will as angels do.

C. W.

RULES.—Rules and specific resolutions are like staves and crutches by the aid of which infirm and crippled persons walk. A healthy soul does better without them. With strong convictions, a sense of duty which allows no question as to its performance, with a cheerful reliance on God, and an impulse to do what is right acting as steadily as a law of nature, it finds in itself resources of moral activity and power which may well dispense with artificial helps.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LITTLE SANCTUARY, and Other Meditations. By Alexander Raleigh, D.D., author of "Quiet Resting Places." New York: Dodd & Mead.

This volume contains sixteen sermons, and takes its name from the title of the first. It is published by the above "firm," agreeably to an arrangement with the English author and publishers.

No one, it would seem, can read these sermons without feeling stronger and better. The author is a man who evidently writes and preaches what he has seen and felt in his own experience. He is one who, to judge by this book, is untrammeled by theological dogmas, and writes out of a full, glowing heart.

The sermons are of much more than ordinary merit, and were probably not only well received, but very helpful to the hearer. They evince practical wisdom and sound scholarship. Throughout the whole book there is evidence of clear insight, and nice distinctions in the use of terms. The value of these sermons to the reader, moreover, is heightened by the fact of a brilliant yet chastened imagination running through them. Although written from the Trinitarian side, there is little to indicate it, as the author obviously cares more to present practical religion, revealed in the life and teachings of Christ, than to convert men to the Trinity. Comparatively few of the old theological terms are used, and when used it is not, as in too many instances, for the sake of crutches, or to prove his own soundness in the orthodox faith, but rather to show that, while they have a meaning to him, it is that which wisdom and good sense would be likely to suggest.

The style of the author is fresh and vigorous, and rarely ever is he open to redundancy of expression, but on the contrary seldom uses more than enough words to express his thought.

We here subjoin a few extracts. In the fourth sermon, on "Simplicity and Sincerity," he says of the first, "It is like a snow-drop on a white lily." Of the second, linked with the first, he says, "They are much alike,—almost as twin sisters. The word 'sincerity' means, literally, translucence, clearness of mind. When you look into a diamond you might say it is sincere. Or into a

crystal well ; or down to the depths of the calm and silent sea. Such is the sincerity of a devout soul " (p. 76).

In the fifth discourse, on " Grace for Grace," speaking of the different kinds of grace, he says,—

" It is well to have grace of stillness that comes like dew and sinks to the roots of all that is within us. But it is better still to have the grace of undaunted courage, strength renewed to us day by day, as we work the work given us to do " (p. 97).

The following is a characteristic passage from his sermon on doubting :—

There is a great deal of doubting which has really no honest, intellectual basis at all, although it may at times even ostentatiously assume the intellectual form. It is bred of unsubmissive tempers and of unruly lives. Some men do not want to be Christians. They like physical enjoyments. They like selfish ease. They like the way of life that comes. They dislike the trouble and possible disturbance connected with seeking another way " (p. 126).

On " Obedience and Abiding " he writes,—

" There is that in a man which can do the will of God. Rather that which doeth the will of God is the man,—the man evolving truest manhood, rising superior to time and chance, achieving and realizing the gift of God which is eternal life. What happens to the disobedient will in this world no one can fully know or tell. Into what ruin it may fall, and in what fierce flux of things it may be doomed to be forever passing away, who can foresee? But this we know,—write it on creation's brow, sing it over graves,—that obedience and immortality are inseparably linked, that to do the will of God is to abide forever " (p. 173).

In the discourse " The Way to the Kingdom " we have these suggestive words :—

" Heaven is the summer of the year of which we have in this world the wintry beginning. And from the first there is a leaning and looking springwards and even a touch of summer in the soul that is panting towards it. . . . The air we are breathing communicates in some way with the air of heaven. Even physically there is no vacuum between this lower and the higher worlds, while morally there stretches between them a new and living way by which all the faithful are ascending,—going up to heaven, yet carrying something of heaven with them as they go " (p. 24).

These sermons are thoughtful and suggestive, and will repay the perusal of any one who will take the time and who loves to dwell on religious themes.

We have given these quotations simply as specimens of what may be found all through the book, and we commend the volume as one full of a high kind of religious teaching and noble Christian truth, and therefore likely to do much good. *

IN EXTREMIS. A Novelette. By Mrs. Richard S. Greenough. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a work of unusual power. As indicated by the title it takes us through the deepest and most painful experiences of life. In scenes where common writers would fail we see no indications of weakness or faltering. In sentences as short and simple as would have been used by Thackeray the writer carries us on through the most affecting emotions. It is a work of high moral aims and intense religious interest. The sense of God's loving presence pervades it like an atmosphere, and relieves it of the terrible desolation which would otherwise rest on such experiences. The tone of the book is pure and elevating. Yet it does not leave us in that elevated, peaceful frame of mind in which some great works of genius place us after leading us through scenes of intense suffering closed only by death. And why is this? Not from any lack of mind in the writer, nor from any want of moral purity or faith. And yet the trouble, the failure as a work of art, comes, we think, from a mistake in the central motive which gives its character to the whole book. Self-sacrifice may be the sublimest and most uplifting power in the universe. But then it must have a worthy end. It must act by pure means. To save the life of a mother at the cost of one's own life is a noble act. But to save any one's life at the expense of truth and honor cannot satisfy the higher demands of our ethical nature. Shakespeare, in his "Measure for Measure," has shown with wonderful beauty and power how conflicts of this kind are to be settled in accordance with the highest ideal of moral purity. There was a price which the loving, doting, self-forgetting, self-sacrificing sister could not pay even for a brother's life.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE. Incidents in my Business Life. By Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd & Mead.

The title indicates the character of the book. It is a religious book, from the orthodox stand-point, showing from the experience of a lifetime the dangers to which the young are exposed and the

grave opportunities for usefulness and personal improvement which lie everywhere around them, for women as well as for men. The style is plain, with no marks of literary skill, and yet there are passages of great beauty and power.

DR. J. J. I. VON DOLLINGER'S FABLES respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages. Translated by Alfred Plummer. Together with Dr. Dollinger's Essay on the Prophetic Spirit and the Prophecies of the Christian Era, translated for the American Edition, with an Introduction and Notes, by Henry B. Smith, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Boston by Noyes, Holmes, & Co.

This is the long title of a very learned, curious, and interesting historical book, showing how, in the progress of centuries, the most absurd fables found a place as accepted facts in the Roman Catholic Church. The story of Joan, the female pope, is perhaps the most remarkable of these fables, inasmuch as it could bring no advantage, but only dishonor and reproach to the church. More space is here given to the Donation of Constantine than to any other myth on account of the very important part which it played in extending the authority and dominion of the Pope. The Essay on the Prophetic Spirit is full of information and of wise and suggestive instruction. The book is one which scholarly men will love to possess.

THE DOLL WORLD SERIES. DOLL WORLD; or, Play and Earnest. DEBORAH'S DRAWER. DAISY'S COMPANIONS; or, Scenes from Child Life. By Eleanor Grace O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

These are three nice volumes, neatly got up, and very attractive. A young friend who has read them speaks very warmly in commendation of them as charming books for children.

A SUMMER'S ROMANCE. By Mary Healy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

An interesting, well-written book, with pleasant pictures of life in the island of Capri. It is a sad story, and perhaps deficient in moral interest.

MARGERY'S QUEST. Boston: J. R. Osgood.

Written with force and spirit,—a story of an orphan child who is left in the world exposed to all sorts of contamination, but

escapes unharmed. At last, after many exciting adventures, she finds her father, and is perhaps abundantly rewarded with this world's goods for her many trials. The moral tone of the book is good.

THE POET OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE from "The Atlantic Monthly" is put into a handsome volume of 400 pages, a treasury of choice things and of sparkling humor which those who read it in the Atlantic will be glad to have in convenient form to read over again, and those who have not read it will enjoy as a fresh feast of good things. J. R. Osgood & Company.

THE DAYS OF JEZEBEL, an historical drama by Peter Bayne, is a book which we have read with an interest too absorbing to be in a mood for criticism. It dramatizes the times of Elijah the Tishbite with a poetic insight and beauty and power of language and scenic representation which are worthy of the theme. The character of Jezebel and the outlook from her stand-point with her Sidonian religion and education are vividly portrayed. As a series of readings in connection with that portion of the Old Testament history comprised in the reign of Ahab and the times of Elijah, this book would render excellent service to Sunday school teachers and advanced classes. It has an extended preface full of historic interest, giving bright glimpses into the spirit of the times, seen not only from the Hebrew position, where Jehovah was worshipped, but also from the Sidonian, where worship was rendered with equal sincerity to Baal and Ashtoreth, the fructifying powers of the sun and the earth. Mr. Bayne in this book proves himself a poet of a high order. Gould & Lincoln.

THE TEMPLE REBUILT, a poem of Christian faith, by F. R. Abbe. Noyes, Holmes & Company.

Pollock's "Course of Time" tried to traverse the ground where Milton had stood peerless, and, though not a failure, ceases to be read. Mr. Abbe treads nearly in the footsteps of Pollock and reproduces his theology, though not in its darker features, and gives his readers sermons in blank verse very fervent and rhetorical. Many will enjoy the orthodox doctrine of human nature, of Redemption, of the Hope of Glory, of the resurrection, conflagration of the world, and the Day of Judgment, clothed in this form of versification. The author evidently wrote it *con amore*. But his production is stately rhetoric rather than poetry.

